NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

VOLUME VII.---NO. 25. NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1846. WHOLE NUMBER 337.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN A. S. SOCIETY.
At 142 Nassau Street, New-York.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to the Editor.

☞ Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum: Strictly in advance in all cases.

H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

THE SLAVE CASE.—The slave, *George Kirk*, belonging to Mr. CHAPMAN, on the Ogechee, was finally discharged on Saturday last, in New-York. The decision of Judge Edmonds in the case is very elaborate, and fills nearly two columns of the *Commercial Advertiser*. We cannot of course enter at length into an examination of the subject this morning. One thing, however, is certain, under this interpretation of New-York laws, the Southern States will find it absolutely necessary to adopt some more stringent regulations in regard to the matter; perhaps greatly to restrict all commercial intercourse, and to require captains of vessels, under the most severe penalties, to return to the ports whence they sail whenever a fugitive slave shall be found on board. If slave-stealing is to be legalized in New-York, the less the South has to do with her fanatics and her laws, the better. It is certainly a hard case, if property which is recognized in the Constitution cannot be protected or reclaimed under the laws of the several States of the Union.—*Richmond Republican.*

MRS. CHILD, the writer, is so intemperate an Abolitionist, that she does more injury to the cause of emancipation than a host of pro-slavery advocates. She called the slave "Kirk," the other day, "the living gospel of Freedom *bound in black*," an expression quite as unworthy a lady, as it is unique. Its only effect has been to sharpen the wit-arrows of the opponents of equal rights. For God's sake keep a righteous cause from the officious intermeddling of women whose fancy out-runs their sagacity, and whose zeal is but a poor atonement for their want of discretion!—*Philadelphia Spirit of the Times, November* 10.

THE SLAVE CASE IN NEW-YORK.—As might have been anticipated, the slave found secreted on board a vessel at New-York, from Savannah, the particulars of which we have already given, has been liberated. Judge Edmonds believed that the law, under which the slave was sought to be detained, is unconstitutional and void. After this dicision was given, the various parties met in the Mayor's office, and mutually agreed to abandon all further or pending proceedings in the case.

The Herald says that the owner of the slave has sent on a power of attorney, claiming the slave, but of what avail will it be? The owner has been defrauded of his rightful property, and the laws of New-York, as expounded by Judge Edmonds, sanctions the act. Oh, law! Oh, justice!—*Southern Patriot*, Charleston, Nov. 4.

Selections.

THE VOICE OF VERMONT.

The following preamble and resolutions were adopted a few days since by the House of Representatives of the Vermont Legislature, with hardly a dissenting voice. They are very good resolutions as far as they go, but we would like to ask the men who voted for them,—if, notwithstanding, slave States are made of the conquered territory of Mexico; and the war is continued, and more territory still is conquered, and more slave States are made out of that, why, what then? What will Vermont do in that case? Are we never to have anything but resolutions from the Whig party?

Whereas in our judgment the existing war with Mexico was not founded in any imperative necessity, such as may justify or excuse a Christian nation for resorting to arms, and has now manifestly become an offensive war against a neighbouring Republic; and whereas we have just grounds for anticipating that the territory which has already been occupied and which may hereafter be conquered, will become slave territory, and as such apply for admission to the Confederacy, and that its admission as such, in connection with a mixed population degraded by ignorance and superstition, and allied to us neither in interest, character, nor language, will endanger the welfare, harmony, and perpetuity of the Union: therefore be it

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives, That the honour and best interests of the nation will be subserved by a speedy end of the war with Mexico, and the settlement of all matters in dispute by arbitration or negotiation.

Resolved, That Vermont will not give its countenance, support, aid, or assent, to the admission into the Federal Union of any new State whose Constitution tolerates Slavery; and does hereby appeal to each of her sister States to concur, in its own name, in this declaration.

Resolved, That the Senators and Representatives in Congress from Vermont will in our judgment be heartily sustained by their constituents in earnestly supporting the principles set forth in the foregoing preamble and resolutions, and in using all other just, constitutional, and effective means to avert the tremendous evils of Slavery, and resist its alarming encroachments upon the rights and interests of the non-slaveholding States.

Resolved, That the Governor be requested to transmit copies of the foregoing preamble and resolutions to the Executives of the several States, and to our Senators and Representatives in Congress, under the seal of the State and his signature of approval.

PLAIN TALK.—The *Baltimore Saturday Visiter*, in speaking of the Church, uses the following language. We call it pretty plain talk for the wrong side of Mason & Dixon's line. We have some neighbours here in Nassau street—pious, Christian prints, too, they call themselves,—who have n't reached this point yet in Anti-Slavery grace:

Now it is time this mask was stripped off. The pro-slavery churches of the land have placed themselves in a false attitude. They have consented to be taught by, instead of *teaching* the civil power, in matters of right. Did they speak out in their ecclesiastical assemblies and church sessions, as they ought to do, taking care individually to "suit the action to the word"—did they do as the Quakers did (for they too, it should be remembered, were once allowed to hold slaves), soon would there be an end to the system in this land. They are the chief props of Slavery. While so many church members and clergymen hold slaves (some of the latter large numbers) to work their cotton plantations—witness that great pro-slavery clerical champion, Dr. Fuller, and such a large proportion of the residue are found openly apologizing for the system, how can public sentiment be expected to right itself speedily, and embody itself in laws of freedom? As it is, our legislators learn their distorted lessons of justice in the ecclesiastical meeting, only to apply them in the legislative hall; and then, returning again to the Church councils, they there excusingly plead the force of laws which they themselves have helped to make! We ask our brother of the "Methodist Protestant" if this is not so?

Let the truth be driven home: Jesus had no slaves—nay, not even a home wherein to lay his head; and yet his ministering followers seek to have costly houses (not to say farms) served by abject slaves! Oh! that the Christianity of Christ did only more widely prevail among the followers of Christ—especially those who assume to be teachers of the people!

We know that we shall, for the above, and previous "faithful sayings," incur the charge of being inimical to the clergy. Be it so! Yet we are not their enemy, but their friend—desiring their highest usefulness, with which consist their chiefest good. At any rate, we must be faithful to our own mission—therefore speak we as unto wise men: hear ye what we say: It is within the power of the churches of this land, led on by their clergy, to put an end to Slavery, with all its untold evils, if they will only be faithful to themselves, faithful to humanity, and faithful to God.

From the Norfolk Courier.

MR. EDITOR: The recently published answer of Lieutenant Governor Reed, accepting a re-nomination, is accompanied by a note, alluding to the reward of General Saunders for his extraordinary services in the Baltimore Convention, and the Lieutenant Governor adds: "It might be interesting to know what other members of the Convention obtained."

To gratify the public curiosity on this point, I annex a list of some of the rewards distributed among the New England members of the Convention whose services in supporting the Texas candidate merited consideration.

Nathan Clifford, (Maine,) Attorney General for the United States, salary,	$4,000
A. G. Jewett, (Maine,) Charge d'Affairs at Lima, salary and outfit,	9,000
N. M. Lowuey, (Maine,) Collector at Belfast, salary,	1,500
Henry Hubbard, (New Hampshire,) Sub-Treasurer at Boston, salary,	2,500
George Bancroft, (Massachusetts,) Minister to London, salary and outfit,	18,000
Robert Rantoul, Jr. (Massachusetts,) District Attorney, fees of office,	5,000
Marcus Morton, (Massachusetts,) Collector of Port, Boston, salary,	6,000
Isaac H. Wright, (Massachusetts,) Navy Agent, Charlestown, (now displaced) salary,	4,000
Ralph J. Ingersoll, (Connecticut,) Minister to St. Petersburg, salary and outfit,	18,000

There are doubtless others who have received post offices, printing jobs, furnishing blanks, &c. the particulars of which I am not informed.

NOMCSIS.

From the Correspondence of the Tribune.

A SLAVE-HUNT IN CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, Oct. 30th, 1846.

FRIEND GREELEY: For three days past our city has been the scene of much excitement, growing out of the seizure of three coloured men, claimed as slaves, and their escape from the slave-hunters. The facts are these:

About ten o'clock of Wednesday, the 28th, four coloured men arrived in the city in an open wagon, which stopped and left its passengers on one of the principal corners of the main (Lake) street of the city. The men were walking about and viewing the town, when about eleven o'clock, A. M. three of them were suddenly seized by a man calling himself Gallagher, assisted by Deputy Sheriff Rhines. Gallagher professed to be the agent of a Mr. Wash, of St. Louis county, Missouri, who, he said, was the *owner* of the negroes arrested. Rhines is a degraded, drunken wretch, ready and accustomed to assist in the most nefarious schemes for money or office, whom the Loco-Foco Sherff of this capital city of political Egypt has made his deputy. Neither Rhines nor Gallagher had *any writ or process whatever*, when they arrested the negroes, but they marched them to the office of Esquire Kercheval, a Loco-Foco Justice of the Peace, who they had no doubt would deliver them up to be conveyed to Missouri. The news soon spread through the streets, and within half an hour the following handbill was posted on every corner, and distributed liberally through the streets:

KIDNAPPING!!!

CITIZENS OF CHICAGO!! A daring attempt is at this moment being made to kidnap THREE MEN, and hurry them into Slavery. All who believe that *a man has a right to himself*, will immediately repair to the office of Esquire Kercheval, where the examination is taking place. Shall they be taken?

Within an hour three thousand persons must have been in the street, opposite Kercheval's office *but the doors were locked, and all admittance refused*, save to the counsel on both sides. James H. Collins and L. C. P. Freer, Esqrs. appeared for the coloured men, and Henry Brown and B. S. Morris, Esqrs. for the slave-hunter. *After their arrival in the office*, Kercheval issued a warrant for their apprehension as runaway slaves. J. H. Collins moved to quash the warrant, contending for the want of authority in any magistrate to issue it. Kercheval, despite the Loco-Foco halter, quashed the warrant, but made amends by deciding that the party might proceed to prove the coloured men slaves, and his authority and right, as the owner's agent, to receive them. Mr. Collins then made an objection to the reception of parole evidence to prove the existence of Slavery in Missouri, which was sustained by the court, and a temporary suspension of proceedings granted, while the counsel for the slave-hunters were searching for a copy of the statutes of Missouri. The justice and officers went down the stairs to talk with the multitude in the street, and Gallagher was left alone to guard the coloured men, who, with their counsel and four or five others who had gained admittance when the door was opened from time to time, were alone left in the room, which, by the way, was in the second story. At this time some one knocked twice from without, for admittance, the door was opened by Gallagher, and at that moment the coloured men got up and walked straight out, without any resistance, save an ineffectual effort from Gallagher to detain them. The stairs were clear until they reached the bottom, when being recognized, they were very suddenly spirited away, amid the acclamations of thousands of congregated citizens of all parties, sects, and conditions, among whom were five clergymen. All this was done without force and without disturbance. The escape was sudden and accidental, by the unaccountable carelessness of the officer and slave-hunter, who, between the suddenness of the escape and the popular demonstration, seemed quite bewildered and confounded. But the secret was, that officers and slave-hunter felt condemned in their outrageous attempt, not so much because it was wicked, but because public opinion was aroused and indignant at the high-handed act. About quarter of an hour after their egress from the office, they were taken in a carriage, and, attended by an immense concourse of citizens, proceeded to the office of J. H. Collins, Esq. and from the window each made a speech to the assemblage, thanking them for their assistance and sympathy, which was received with tremendous applause.

After this the people gradually dispersed, and long before evening all had resumed the usual appearance.

Last evening, pursuant to call, a mass-meeting was held at the City Saloon, to take into consideration the circumstance attending the peaceful liberation of three human beings from the hands of kidnappers and oppressors. The hall was crowded at an early hour, and hundreds are said to have gone away, unable to get a seat. Dr. Charles V. Dyer addressed the meeting in a vein of scorching satire, bearing upon the slave-hunter, his counsel, and abettors, that those who heard will not soon forget, and those who *felt* will bear the scars. J. H. Collins and Rev. Mr. Spencer were also called out, and spoke in reference to the occasion.

Mr. Collins's speech was a masterly effort, and one that will have its effect until the black laws of Illinois are wiped from the statute-book. He examined and demonstrated the unconstitutionality of the black laws, and the want of authority in State officers to arrest fugitives from Slavery.

The whole thing has passed off quietly and peaceably, and the result is a glorious triumph in favour of the oppressed.

True, there are not wanting those who haste to cast their manhood under the Juggernaut of Slavery and evince their devotion to Democracy; that is, the administration, by decrying the proceedings of the last few days, as calculated to offend the South, divert Southern travel, and all that, but THE PEOPLE have stamped upon the occurrences of the 28th and 29th of October, the seal of their approval. But the mail steamer is about leaving, and I must close. Yours, &c.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

THE RUNAWAY SLAVE CASE.

No little excitement has been created in the city of New-York by a fugitive slave case before its tribunals, which we briefly noticed in the Freeman. Indeed all who were acquainted with the affair felt a strong interest, and town and country, even on the verge of an election, were anxious to become better acquainted with the operation of the laws respecting fugitives from bondage.

George, the fugitive, was brought before a magistrate by writ of habeas corpus and promptly discharged from custody. Subsequently he was arrested on a Mayor's warrant, (after the captain of the brig in which he escaped had made fruitless applications to the judicial functionaries of the county courts,) for, we believe, stealing the clothes he wore. Notwithstanding every effort by Southern men in New-York, and their friends and counsel, the fugitive is again free, by the interpretation of the laws, and will not, we presume, be again captured. But it would seem that George is free rather because the right of the captain to reclaim him was questionable, than from any recognition of the great principle that any slave coming into New-York, whether fugitive or otherwise, is free. What the result would have been in the law courts, had his quondam master made his appearance in person to demand the runaway, we can only conjecture; but fom the feeling manifested, there is little reason to doubt but that a popular outbreak would have practically reversed any decision tending to his re-conveyance to servitude.

One good result springs from a case of this kind. People will reflect upon the terms of the compact with the South. Whilst the men of the North will refrain from any legislative interference with their "peculiar institutions," they will yet mark their deep abhorrence of the system by refusing to rivet the chains again upon any fugitive who may find his way to free soil even though he be claimed by his master.

This will be recognized as the true principle hereafter, whatever may be the bearings of decisions, or the interpretations of counsel.

From the Norwich (Eng.) Mercury.

GREAT ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

To review the Proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance in connection with American Slavery.

In consequence of certain statements made at a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in this city, last week, by the Rev. M. M. Clarke, of America, in justification of American slaveholders, a special meeting was called for yesterday evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, for the purpose of affording an opportunity of refuting them. St. Andrew's Hall was filled by a highly respectable audience of nearly two thousand persons. This numerous assemblage was attracted not only by the interest involved in the subject to come before the meeting, but by the presence of the distinguished advocate of freedom and human rights, Mr. George Thompson. Soon after half-past six o'clock, the Sheriff came on the platform, accompanied by Mr. Thompson, the Rev. Mr. Brock, and other gentlemen, and having taken the chair, briefly stated the purpose for which the meeting was convened, and called on the Rev. Mr. Brock, to commence the proceedings.

Mr. Brock came forward, and spoke at considerable length. The pressure on our time and space will not permit us to do more than state, that he entered into a vindication of his motives in having called the meeting. He detailed what had occurred at the Evangelical Alliance, on Friday week, when the Rev. M. M. Clarke had spoken in vindication of a certain class of slaveholders. On that occasion, he (Mr. B.) was not permitted to put a few questions to the reverend gentleman, which might, perhaps, have obviated the necessity of the present meeting. He then read a correspondence which had passed between them, and which fully absolved Mr. Clarke from any participation in the sin of Slavery; but nevertheless the impression of his spoken speech on many minds, was such as to authorize him (Mr. B.) in taking the course he had adopted. Mr. Brock then went into the general question of American Slavery, the iniquity of which he established by copious evidence from the writings of Harriet Martineau, Charles Dickens, and from other authors and sources. The reverend gentleman, who spoke with great earnestness, was loudly applauded throughout, and at the close of his address.

The Rev. Thomas Clowes came forward for the purpose of vindicating Mr. Clarke's speech, which he contended, did not bear the interpretation put upon it by Mr. Brock. He maintained that there was no difference between them on the subject of American Slavery in the abstract. Mr. Clarke, who had introduced the subject, did not, in his (Mr. C.'s mind) express himself very fluently or clearly; yet his impression was that he (Mr. C.) had disclaimed in so many words, the slightest sympathy with the system of Slavery or its principles: he (Mr. Clowes) might be in error, but this was his decided impression; and further, that under certain circumstances, there might be slaveholders who were such involuntarily, and therefore to be treated as Christian brethren: he (Mr. Clarke) was, in fact, trying to shew that men might be Christian brethren who supported Slavery. (A cry, "impossible," followed by cheers. Here a gentleman rose in the Hall, and asked Mr. Clowes to explain the possibility of such a case.) Mr. Clowes continued amidst some interruption, which terminated at the request of Mr. Brock. He (Mr. C.) would endeavour to make out and explain how such a thing was possible. Suppose his (Mr. C.'s) own father, happened to be a scoundrel, and he blessed God for having so good a father as his was; suppose that he had traded in human flesh, but that before he did that, he had turned pious and philanthropic, he had left him (Mr. C.) all that he possessed; and suppose he left him slaves, what was he to do? Were he to let them loose in the country, he would run the risk of being tarred and feathered for setting them free: he would not like that, and should endeavour to escape it. Suppose he should say he would never hold his fellow-men as goods and chattels, come what might, yet was he to turn them adrift, to be hunted and run down. He did not believe there could be many placed in such a position, but in the case supposed, he (Mr. C.) should not mind one jot or tittle, and he would even bear the reproach of being esteemed a slaveholder, if he might thereby hold a powerful hand over those slaves for their own good and for the good of their souls. He did not, by this supposition, mean to palliate slaveholding, but this was the case which he understood Mr. Clarke to drive at. Mr. Clowes here went on to quote the testimony of Mr. John Wright, of Buxton, and Mr. A. Johnson, that such was the impression they had received from Mr. Clarke's speech. He also quoted the testimony of J. J. Gurney, who, in his travels in the West Indies, had met with a pious lady, the owner of slaves, who was accustomed every day to offer up a prayer for a blessing to rest upon the labours of Sir Fowell Buxton, that she might get rid of those slaves. Now he (Mr. Clowes) would have held out the right hand of Christian fellowship, and to that lady he would have said, may God hear and answer your prayers to deliver you from that most awful burden. He would not altogether throw stones at everybody who had not come over here to clear themselves of what we, in this country, had only so recently washed our hands, and from which these hands have not yet got quite dry. A man might be so situated as to be compelled to hold slaves, and he might not see his way clearly how to get rid of them, without sacrificing their interests, and not his own; and such a man was not responsible for the atrocious and iniquitous laws which public opinion forced upon him, which said to him, we will tie you to your slaves, we shall apply Lynch Law to you, if you attempt to liberate them. Talking about separating husband and wife. He (Mr. Clowes) did not know what Mr. Brock's opinion was on the poor law, whether they were of one mind on the point of separating husband and wife; but who would say that they were responsible for the separation of man and wife in this country, although the law was made by public opinion. There were many pious and good people who were opposed to that law, and there were other pious and good people who were in favour of it, deeming it necessary for the morality, good order, and regularity of the work-house. (Mr. Clowes proceeded to draw the conclusion that such a difference of opinion would not justify the denial of the Christian name to the parties upholding the law. He noticed the sugar question, and its recent settlement, and drew a similar conclusion from the difference of opinion of those for and against that measure. Mr. Clowes pursued this line of argument at some length, but we are compelled to omit his remarks in detail.)

Mr. Brock explained that Mr. A. Johnson had, in the presence of two witnesses, acknowledged that it was quite right to call the present meeting, and that he would have been glad if he (Mr. B.) had been allowed to put his questions to Mr. Clarke.

Mr. G. Thompson, upon presenting himself to the meeting, was received with loud cheering, which, having subsided, he addressed the meeting as follows:—I beg it to be distinctly understood, that I join issue with the reverend gentleman who has just addressed you. I challenge him to a public discussion of the proposition, whether a man, under any conceivable circumstances, can claim and exercise a right to appropriate any human being. (Tremendous cheers.) I take the negative of that proposition; I say it is utterly impossible for one human being, without the most stupendous crime against his God, to stand for one instant in the position of the owner of another being. (Renewed cheers.) Of all slaveholders in the universe, that man is the worst, by whatever virtues his character may be irradiated, who, having Gospel light, and professing to be a disciple of that Saviour in whose covenant of grace all are included, and yet, nevertheless, gives the sanction of his virtues, his character, and Christianity, to that unutterable crime of claiming property in man (Cheers.) There is not, in the United States of America—from the Niagara to the banks of the Sabine, from the sides washed by the Atlantic to those beneath the shades of the Rocky mountain—a law, or a fragment of a law, against the emancipation of slaves. (Hear.) There is not a slaveholder in the United States who could not, in one instant, emancipate his slaves if he chose so to do. Now, Sir, before I come to this question—and which is a vital question; and from this hour forth, the business of my life, at every proper opportunity, shall be, to save my beloved country from the reproach of giving sanction of its holy religion, to the crime of slaveholding in any part of the world: and I tell that reverend gentleman to-night, that he has preached a religion eternally at war with the religion of Jesus Christ. (Loud cheers.) Before I come to that question, I want to say a word, for the purpose of establishing my claim to be a witness upon this occasion. On this interesting occasion, allow me to play for a while be part of an egotist, and to say a few words respecting myself. By glancing at my own history in relation to the subject of Slavery, my sole object is to bespeak your confidence in the uprightness and correctness of the course which I shall this evening be compelled to take. If in asking you to listen to a brief chapter in the life of the man who stands before you, I do wrong, I can only say that I have never committed the offence before, and, in all probability, shall never repeat it. Nearly sixty years ago, my father (now in his grave), impelled by a restless disposition, and a love of adventure, quitted a quiet home in the centre of England, and the jealous care of a pious parent, and went to Liverpool, anxious, like many other youths, both before and since, to see the world in foreign parts. The only situation he could obtain was that of captain's clerk on board a slave-ship, bound for Africa. He accompanied the vessel to the coast of Africa, where she took in a cargo of human merchandise, and then sailed to one of the islands of the West Indies. He returned to the coast of Africa, and again to the West Indies. By this time, his soul utterly loathed the horrid trade with which he had connected himself, and he bitterly repented the folly and the disobedience which had led him to forsake the parental roof. He saw not, however, at the time, any way of escape. The vessel was preparing for a third voyage to Africa, when, providentially for him, a line-of-battle ship, then cruising in that region, was in want of hands, and my father's ship was visited, for the purpose of impressing some of the men. While the King's officer was examining the common seamen, my father took him aside, and making him acquainted with his strong desire to quit the ship, earnestly entreated to be impressed. The officer complied, and in an hour afterwards, my father was on board a man-of-war. The King's ship was soon ordered home, and my father paid off, and discharged. In after life, he seldom referred to this part of his history. He was ashamed of it, and looked back upon it with deep sorrow and bitter remorse. Once, however, I heard him describe some of the scenes witnessed by him on board the slave-ship; and though an infant at the time, the terrible scenes he depicted, never ceased to dwell in my memory, or be present to my imagination.

Mr. Thompson was here interrupted by an observation from Mr. Clowes, in reply to which he said—I charge the reverend gentleman with saying there might be many slave-owners who were involuntary slave-owners, but to whom, he, himself, would be glad to give the right hand of fellowship; and he told us that there were circumstances—even if you hooted him out of the Hall, he would say so—in which he would keep his hold on his human property for their own good. (Hear.) Now, I do not care how a man plunders the cradle—how he claims the right, if he does claim and exercise it, and vindicates it before the world—I tell him that he is, both in principle and practice, the basest of all robbers in the world. (Hear, hear, and cheers.) I am speaking of principles, and not of amiable, enlightened, and worthy men; and I say again, they are cradle plunderers and women whippers. (Mr. Clowes here, with some warmth, interrupted Mr. Thompson.) Neither the reverend gentleman nor any one else, shall misunderstand me. I am about now honestly to discuss the proposition, that slaveholding, under all circumstances, known or conceivable, is a sin. That is the proposition which I place before him, and I will, if he pleases, come to Norwich, and discuss it with him. I say that no man, under any conceivable circumstances, can, without an ursurpation of the prerogatives of God himself, and without the deepest sin, stand in the relation of the owner of a fellow-man. That there are no circumstances in the world that would justify him for a moment in standing in that relation. That if the universe were to give way at his feet, it is his bounden duty to reverence the law of God as above all other laws; to say "a human being belongs to himself and to his God," and let God take care of the consequence. Duty is mine; results are his. I will pursue the straight line of duty, and clear my own skirts of this heinous sin of slaveholding; and if I be hanged to-morrow, my martyrdom will do more to liberate the captives of the world, than all the kindness of all the slaveholders who ever lived upon the world's surface." (Cheers.) Oh! it is a horrid doctrine—that of doing evil that good may come! It is the doctrine of devils; and never is it more undiluted diabolism, than when it is applied to Slavery. "I will keep my power over these human beings for the sake of their souls." Is that the way souls are to be saved? No. Are they listening to that voice which spoke on Sinai, or to that voice which was heard in Jerusalem eighteen hundred years ago. No Sir, our motto is—"Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum." Do thou thy duty, and He who sits on high, will take care of the consequences. Now, Sir, I was just about relating a little of my own experience, and I think I said, when I was called off, that it was my wont, whenever I would sympathize with a human being, to try to get into his circumstances. I did that in my childhood with regard to the slave. My father described the pestiferous hold in which the stolen Africans were stowed; the manacles and fetters with which they were confined—the frightful madness which on one occasion prevailed when the ship's water run short—the fearful mortality that ensued, and the troops of hungry sharks that followed the wake of the ship, waiting for their daily supply of human carcases. He spoke, too, of the diabolical cruelty of the fiendish captain, who, on one occasion, snatched a crying infant from the arms of its slave-mother, and hurled it into the billows of the deep; and on another, seized a sick negro by the ears, and dashed his brains out against the sides of the ship. After this, I often wept in secret over the wrongs of "these poor, disinherited outcasts of man, whom avarice coins into slaves." At one time, my thoughts would be in Africa, amid burning villages, and flying fugitives, and troops of weary victims, traversing hundreds of miles on their way to the coast, to be carried into hopeless bondage; at another, they were upon the gloomy ocean, amidst the horrors of the middle passage; and at another, upon the plantations, where the sable exile toiled without hope, beneath the lash of the hoarse and iron-hearted driver. It has ever been my practice, when I would sympathize with a fellow-creature, to put myself in his circumstances, and try to realize his condition—to get, as it were into his very soul, and to feel pang for pang, joy for joy, and hope for hope, with him. (Cheers.) I did so in regard to the slave, and a fancy, far more vivid then than now, enabled me to some extent to feel "for those in bonds, as bound with them." Of course, I dreamt not then of any plan or effort for the relief of these unhappy beings, or of ever doing more than pity them, but it was a melancholy pleasure to me to picture to myself their condition, and I felt my heart enlarged, and so to speak, multiplied by these attempts, to be for the time, in the place of others. Oh! how often have I in solitude, fancied myself a black man—an African slave—wandering by moonlight on the beach, thinking of his native country, his wife and his children—"his rude hut," and "his young barbarians at play," whom he might never, never see again—himself a captive to the Christian! How often have I repeated aloud, the beautiful verses of Cowper:—

Is there as ye sometimes tell us,
  Is there One who reigns on high?
Has he bid you buy and sell us,
  Speaking from his throne the sky?
Ask him, if your knotted scourges,
  Matches, blood-extorting screws,
Are the means which duty urges
  Agents of his will to use?

Hark! he answers—wild tornadoes,
  Strewing yonder sea with wrecks;
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
  Are the voice with which he speaks.
He, foreseeing what vexations
  Afric's sons should undergo,
Fixed their tyrants' habitations
  Where His whirlwinds answer—No.

I thank God for this early experience! This hatred of Slavery "grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength." At eighteen, I became acquainted with the state of things in the West Indies, through having the opportunity of reading the private correspondence of Wesleyan missionaries in Jamaica and elsewhere; and I was also familiar with the writings of John Wesley, who in the last letter he ever wrote, on the 26th of January, 1761, addressed to Mr. Wilberforce, said: "Unless the divine power has raised you up to be as Athanasius *contra mundum* (Athanasius against the world), I see not how you can go through your glorious enterprise in opposing the execrable villany, which is the scandal of religion, of England, and of human nature. Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils. But 'if God be for you, who can be against you?' Go on in the name of God, and in the power of His might, till even American Slavery (the vilest that ever saw the sun) shall vanish before it." (Cheers.) My impressions were subsequently deepened, by hearing a sermon preached in 1824, before the Wesleyan Missionary Society, by that great and good man, the late Richard Watson—a sermon from the text, "Honour all men," a sermon unsurpassed for the elegance of its style, the force of its reasoning, the loftiness of its sentiments, and the fervour of its appeal, founded on revealed truth, to the friends of justice and humanity. In 1828, while connected with a Mutual Improvement Society, meeting at Salvador House, Bishopgate street, I took part in the discussion upon the subject of Slavery, which lasted for eleven evenings. In 1829, I again debated the question before a large audience, in the theatre of the London Literary and Scientific Institution, and in 1830 read, with indescribable emotion, the splendid argument of the ever-to-be-lamented Dr. Andrew Thompson, of Edinburgh. The reading of that unrivalled speech led me to see the essential sinfulness of slaveholding under all circumstances, and the duty of immediate and unconditional emancipation. (Hear.) Let me observe, that down to this period, I was an utterly obscure and unknown individual, nor had I, until the spring of 1831, the remotest idea that I should ever be honoured to stand forth as the public advocate of the abolition of Slavery, still less see myself honoured with the friendship of the most distinguished advocates of freedom, both in the Eastern and the Western hemispheres. But if during the last sixteen years I have done anything to advance the cause of human liberty, let me ascribe it, under Providence, to the direction given to my thoughts and feelings in early life. To the admonitions of a father of refined, enlightened, and liberal sentiments, and still more to the lessons of a beloved mother, whose heart was and is capacious enough to embrace the whole human family in its regards, and who had always a tear for every suffering member of that family. And, oh! let me exhort all who are here to consider the dread responsibility imposed upon the guardians of youth, to impart in early life sound views and high principles—so may you peradventure be training, all unconsciously, some mind that shall hereafter, in the strength and vigour of its manhood, become the quickener and regenerator of the thoughts and minds of the millions. Early in 1831, I offered my services to the London Anti-Slavery Society; they were accepted, and I went forth, with fear and trembling, to be the agent of that society, and the exponent of its doctrines and plans. My instructions were to declare in every place, that slaveholding of whatever form, and under whatever circumstances, is a crime against God, and ought to be immediately abandoned; that instant emancipation is the *duty* of the *master*, and the right of the slaves. (Cheers.) Our motto was *Fiat justitia, ruat Cœlum*, though we have had no fear of the *ruat Cœlum*. (Hear.) With a noble and mighty object before me, I set myself to the work of acquiring all the information within my reach. I studied the history of the abolition of the Slave-Trade, and I became familiar with the events of that interesting period in the history of this question,

"When Sharpe, on proud Britannia's chartered shore,
From Lybian limbs the unsanctioned fetter tore;
And taught the world that while she rules the waves,
Her soil is freedom to the feet of slaves."

In imagination I lived with Clarkson through his career of mercy, from the time that resting by the wayside, he gave himself to the abolition of the accursed Slave-Trade, until he saw his efforts crowned with success by the Act of 1807. I read the history of the Slave-Trade by the venerable man who has recently gone to his rest. I was with him a few days ago, when he placed in my hands this manuscript as a record of his last and most mature thoughts on the subject of Slavery. Here it is, blotted and blurred by the blind old man. (Cheers.) "Many weary days and weeks," said he, "have I been writing this manuscript. I place it in your hands, and in the hands of your beloved friend;" for he was then with me. When I speak of that man I speak of one—I will name him in a moment—to whom my soul is knit as the soul of Jonathan to David. If there be purity and sincerity of spirit on earth—if there be one that grasps humanity, and lives only to exalt that humanity and do the will of God—he is that man. Yet traduced and vilified by those who enter not into his spirit, nor comprehend the sublimity of his destination—and that man is William Lloyd Garrison. (Loud cheers.) The old man, Thomas Clarkson, was then verging on the grave. He placed this document in our hands, saying, "Here are my last thoughts on Slavery: I confide them to you." He did so with sundry compliments to myself, which I am not boastful enough to repeat. "Those are my thoughts: make them public when you please." That is my testimony upon American Slavery." And what does the venerable Thomas Clarkson say upon American Slavery? Why, that Slavery as it exists among the churches in America, is downright infidelity, dehumanizing man, and dethroning Deity himself. (Hear and cheers.) The battle in which, as a humble agent, I was called to engage was severe, but it was short. The year 1823, saw the principle of abolition recognizec by the Legislature, and an act passed for the extinction of Slavery. In that year I became acquainted with one whose friendship I value above price. The Clarkson of America in that year paid a visit to this country, to expose the hollow, inhuman, and deceitful schemes of the American Colonization Society, and to make known the principles and purposes of the friends of immediate abolition in New England. That man was William Lloyd Garrison. (Cheers.) I was Mr. Garrison's fellow-labourer while he remained here; we attended public meetings together; we visited the venerable Wilberforce a few weeks previous to his death; we stood together at the grave of that illustrious man, where peers and prelates, and princes of the blood royal gathered to do honour to the lifeless dust of the once disposed, oft baffled, but at last, under God, victorious friend of the negro; and we thought of the words of the poet—

"So sleep the good, who sink to rest
With all their country's wishes blest;
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter soil,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod;
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honour comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

(Cheers.) I was invited by the New England Anti-Slavery Society to visit the United States, and to labour there as I had done here. I sat down to count the cost. The Abolitionists of America were a small, despised, and persecuted body. Mr. Garrison was accounted a madman and an incendiary, upon whose head a price of five thousand dollars had been set by the Legislature of Georgia. Opprobrium, danger, and even death stared me in the face. I asked myself, "Is the object worthy the sacrifice?" And the answer came, "It is the freedom of two millions and a half of helpless and down-trodden human beings." I asked, "Are the principles on which the battle is to be fought, sound?" The answer came, "Yes. Let the oppressed go free is the command of Jehovah. God hath created all men free and equal, and hath endowed them with inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Slaveholding is a crime, and ought to be abandoned." I asked, "What can I do?" The answer came, "Cry aloud; spare not. Bear testimony for God and humanity against oppression and robbery; preach the law to the sinner, and the Gospel to the victim, and lo! the God who hath made of one blood all the nations of men will be with you." I asked myself, "Can I stand in the evil day, and having done all stand?" and the answer came, "My grace is sufficient for thee, My strength shall be made perfect in your weakness; greater is He that is for you, than all that can come against you." I asked again, "Will not this be an unwarrantable interference with the institutions of a foreign country?" and the answer came, "The cause of humanity is of no country. Thou hast a right to lift up thy voice against the enslavement of thy brother in all countries. It is for thy God thou pleadest, and He is King of nations. It is His law thou proclaimest, and His law is above all other laws, and is universal in its obligations. It is for man thou liftest up thy voice, whose rights are the same in every latitude and every climate." I said, "I will go," and I went. Those who were the witnesses of my acts will not refuse their testimony that I did not cower before the terrific storm which assailed me, and for many months threatened my life. In 1836 I returned to England, and continued to lecture against American Slavery until the struggle came for the abolition of the apprenticeship system, during which I stood for the first time on the spot I have now the honour to occupy. That conflict over, I turned my attention to the East, and have ever since been occupied (except at intervals) in efforts to bring my countrymen to recognize the claims which an empire, like India, and a hundred millions of fellow-subjects have upon their sympathy and benevolent exertions. In doing this I have still had in view the overthrow of Slavery, and I now hold in my hand a volume of published lectures, in which I think I have demonstrated that the only simple and certain method of uprooting the system of Slavery (as far as it rests for its support upon the profits of slave labour), is to encourage the free labour of the East, and to bring into the markets of this country, and to send into the markets of other countries, the sugar, rice, cotton, and tobacco, now grown in the slaveholding countries of America. Thus by one and the same act, immeasurably increasing our commerce, elevating and improving the condition of the natives of India, and driving out of consumption the products of uncompensated labour. During the long apprenticeship which I have served on this question, (throughout which, let it be borne in mind, I have not merely been a professed Abolitionist, but a man constantly at work upon the subject, and in contact every hour, more or less, with the question in one or other of its phases,) I have been compelled to study every branch of the great subject, I have had to argue the question upon every ground that has ever been taken, I have held public and private controversies with the apologists of Slavery of every name and character, I have had to sift and try every scheme, which has sought public notice and public support. I have been connected with the American movement since before the formation of the Anti-Slavery Society. I think I know the standing on this question of almost every public man in the United States. I have paid special attention to the progress of the Anti-Slavery movement in the churches of America; having been called upon to lay the state of the question, in this respect, before several of the ecclesiastical bodies of Scotland, and besides having had protracted debates upon it, with one of the most able ministers in the United States, the Rev. Dr. R. J. Breckenridge, of Baltimore. I am thoroughly conversant with the grounds of all the divisions which have taken place amongst the Abolitionists of the United States, and know precisely the nature of the different plans by which the several parties are seeking to promote the Anti-Slavery cause. I know the origen and authors of the various misrepresentations which have been made and promulgated on both sides of the Atlantic, against the truest and best friends of the slave; and I think I know the motive in which these misrepresentations and false charges have originated.—For twelve years I have watched the conduct of every deputation that has gone from a religious body in this country to the churches of America, from the delegation of Drs. Reed and Matheson, down to the deputation of the Free Church of Scotland; and that from the Society of Friends. I know the conduct which has been pursued on the Anti-Slavery question by all the conspicuous members of the late delegation from America to the Evangelical Alliance. I know precisely where Drs. Patton, Emery, Smythe, Olin, Beecher, Peck, and Cox, stand upon this question—I know, most intimately, what the course has been, which the churches to which they belong have taken—I know in what position they would place themselves if they took thorough Anti-Slavery ground here—I know the nature and worth of the arguments they have employed, and the assertions they have made—I know with what view they have used these arguments and assertions—I know the nature and the cause of the strong sympathy which subsists between the delegates from America and the leading clerical members of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland—(Hear, hear)—I know the whole of the proceedings of the Alliance, and the difficulties, trials, temptations, short-comings, concessions, and compromises of that body. I had means of knowing how they proceeded from day to day. I heard both sides of the question. I not only saw their proceedings, as published, but I heard what was the nature of their discussions

in their committees, upon the various points which came before them. I have read all the leading articles and all the letters which have been written on the subject, both pro and con—both in vindication and in censure of the Alliance, and I have deliberately weighed everything having the shape of an argument. Thus much I have said to justify you in granting me a hearing on this subject. Further, let me say, I have nothing to do with the Evangelical Alliance, apart from the question of Slavery; I shall give no opinion respecting its object, its principles, its doctrine, basis, or its proceedings, apart from Slavery, and I utterly disclaim being influenced by any desire to bring the Evangelical Alliance, as such, into disrepute, or to injure the reputation of any of its members. I am here for the simple purpose of helping you to determine whether, upon the question of Slavery, the Alliance, judged by its own standard, did or did not its duty, and whether its conduct did or did not injure, or threaten to injure, the cause of emancipation for three millions of our fellow-men, and the cause of freedom throughout the world. The question of Slavery was brought into the Alliance, was discussed in the Alliance, was acted upon in the Alliance. The question of Slavery, therefore, has been touched by that body—has been affected by that body. The sacred principle of human liberty has been handled by that body; above all, the question of Slavery, in connection with the Gospel of Christ, and the duties of Christians, in this the nineteenth century, has been taken up and disposed of by that body. The question is, what has been done? Has a signal blow been struck at the monster sin of the present generation, or not. Have the enemies or the friends of freedom, cause to rejoice over the proceedings of that body? Can we take the law on the question of Slavery from that body, or can we not? Can we quote its proceedings in our favour, or can we not? The doings of the Alliance will, as a matter of course, be defended by the members of that body. The proceedings of that body will be quoted throughout the Christian world. If there is any ground of difference between that body and professed friends of the slave in this country, it is necessary that they should be defined; that we should join issue; that we should take the field on either side, and that the people at large should have the opportunity of deciding whether our standard or theirs is the right one, and whether we or they have rightly judged upon the points on which they are opposed. This is the subject we have to discuss on this occasion. Need I say we should do it honestly, temperately, and impartially?

Communications.

Letter from Western New-York.

AMSTERDAM, Nov. 7th, 1846.

DEAR FRIEND GAY:—You will perceive that I am in the Anti-Slavery field again, from which I have enjoyed a furlough for a season. No pleasant affair is it to be torn from a dear family, and friends, and continually tossed about from place to place by the disturbed elements of a disordered public opinion.

I am quite sure that my pleasure in retiring from such a life, (would *right* permit,) would far surpass that of my enemies, in such an event. But while Slavery exists in this land, and I behold daily the fresh issues of its spirit, from those fountains which are regarded as *sacred* by the great mass of the people; from those professing to be the *sacred heralds* of the will of God, of "peace on earth and good will to men;" whose influence manufactures and moulds public opinion, which is fully made manifest, in American Slavery, the American Church, the Federal Compact, and Government,—I feel constrained to fight, to help batter down the bulwark of Slavery, and to dissolve every slaveholding confederation. The spirit of Liberty is truly wisdom and its arm is strength.

When humanity, Christianity, the *liberty* of a world is at stake; when my poor brother is torn from wife and children, and bereft of every sacred endearment—shut out from the light of God's love—converted into a beast of burden—driven to the human flesh-market, and to his toil like a beast, and all this, the sanctified deed of American religion; and while this religion is represented and tolerated as *Christian!* in the "World's Evangelical Alliance," and there allowed to take the advantage of its own wickedness, yea, "its *exceeding sinfulness*," to declare Slavery to be a political institution, and for "pretence makes many prayers" to destroy souls, and divine lies, I feel humanity impelling me afresh; the spirit of the Lord anointing me, and that of Liberty calling me "to preach good news to the poor," and "to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that are bound."

Liberty for our enslaved countrymen, is what has be gained by "the sweat of the brow." It will never be achieved by those, who *for pretence draw near to God with their lips*, for "light," for the "remedy," "that they may all go free in the *Lord's appointed time*," while their power and sympathies are on the side of the oppressor, and they join hands with thieves "to bolt hard the captive's door."

Nor will freedom be wrought for the slave through the instrumentality of *a party*, which gives Slavery a more efficient support, through the Church and clergy, than can be derived from any other source.

Nothing short of clean hearts and clean hands, on the part of the people, will restore liberty to the captive. Their hearts are full of subtilty, and "their hands full of blood." Slavery is the corner-stone of the Union, and the blood of the slave the cementing principle of the ecclesiastical confederations. Disunion and secession are the simple, safe, efficacious, and heaven-appointed remedies. The Union! its vision of enchantment is past—the Church! her glory has passed away, and her cup is running over with pollution. The people are receiving of their plagues, and are regarding, not only a *confession*, but an entire FORSAKING of the foul sin as the *matchless sanative*. In all of my Anti-Slavery missions and observations of late, I learn that public opinion is changing, and fast ripening for this *measure*. The tide of intelligent, inflexible, and an unaccomodating Anti-Slavery sentiment is every hour accumulating strength. The expediency and wicked policy of political partisans; the sorcery of pro-slavery clergy and sectarians; and the subterfuges and sophistries of self-made interpreters of the slaveholding compact; all have had their day, and are fast fleeing away before the plain and simple light of truth, and its faithful and uncompromising application.

During the three months' tour which I have recently made in the Western part of this State, (a portion of which time I was in company with our true and efficient friend and advocate of the slave, Wm. W. Brown, recently from "the peculiar institution,") I have preached about one hundred anti-slavery discourses of the most "ultra," "fanatical," and "Garrison stamp." Our meetings have uniformly been quite large, though the settlements were often sparse, and the season, as usual, a very busy one. We obtained upwards of two hundred subscribers to the Standard, besides scattering much Anti-Slavery truth by the distribution of tracts, &c.

We have abundant evidence that a great and permanent work for good, has been wrought in that part of the State through our instrumentality. Such was the effect produced upon the minds of the mass of the people by our new, startling, and yet incontrovertible positions, that even many of the leading ones of the Liberty party were constrained to cry out, "*God bless you*," "*you are doing a great work*," "*go on*," though previously they had conspired against us. Though the full result of one's labours is not generally immediately made manifest, still we have the assurance, in which I have implicit faith, that the "truth when sent forth shall not return void, but shall accomplish that whereunto it is sent." I feel fully assured that what we have sown in Western New York, the past season, has been simple, unadulterated, wholesome, Christian, Anti-Slavery truth; and that it will bring forth fruit, that shall increase the Anti-Slavery host, "some thirty, some sixty, and some an hundred fold." Very likely the "*thorns*" of politico-sectarianism will choke some! I believe we can rely on three hundred at least, whose fidelity to principle will endure in the hour of trial, and temptation; who will never again, knowingly, bow their knee to the Baal of Slavery; whose respect for a slaveholding Government and Church, or political party, will be such as ought to, yea, does characterize every intelligent and true friend of the enslaved. Hosts of men and women, with honest heads and warm hearts, would leave their farming, dairy, and mechanical operations, and come up to our aid, and help us on in our warfare against the direst foe of man, in their deeds of kindness and words of cheer.

There is a fine work of *overturning* and overturning, going on in the Empire State. The prayers of those who have prayed with their lips that the Lord would "overturn," &c. are being answered, through the instrumentality of those *who live their prayers*.

Many, very many of those formerly strongly attached to the pro-slavery churches and their three confederates, the Whig, Democratic, and Liberty parties, are now feeling that whatever institution or party cannot stand the test of truth, that is affected by a full and free investigation, the sooner it is overturned the better. The consequence is, that all the parties and sects are dividing and subdividing. Even Liberty party has fallen asunder, as was rationally anticipated, having been built up on the principle of expediency.

One portion of the latter retains the old name, and answers to the Whig party and principles. The other portion has assumed the name of "Liberty League," which has adopted the principles of *free* trade, anti-bank, &c.; so that Liberty party, so far as the "one idea" Anti-Slavery is concerned, *is truly*, as J. C. Jackson declared, *dead* in this State. The honest portion of that party, now feel the force of Elizur Wright's declaration, that "there is no abolition argument in a ballot-box," as well as the absurdity of Alvan Stuart's dogma, that the "true literature of the ballot-box," is far more effectual to abolish Slavery than prayer and preaching, or the moral power of truth. Henceforth the watchword of the uncompromising friends of the slave, "No union with slaveholders," will be echoed from the hill-tops and valleys of Chautauque and Cataraugus, and re-echoed by Erie and Niagara.

The past suffices them of "Americanism," to preach liberty and support despotism, or of the feint of Anti-Slavery, resorting to the "*ballot-box and the cartridge-box*," and sustaining "*the bulwark*" of oppression.

"Down let the shrine of Moloch sink
And leave no traces where it stood,
No longer let its idol drink
His daily cup of human blood."

Thine, truly, for the right,
E. D. HUDSON.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, NOV. 19, 1846.

The Abolitionists and the World.

We are sometimes prone to believe that the Abolitionists are a very remarkable set of people; or, at anyrate, that they are, in reality, honoured in their day and generation in a way that rarely falls to the lot of men so abused. In one way, we know, the world declares they are remarkable, but it is in quite another way that we claim the distinction. If the assumption be laughed at as a very vain one, we hope our opponents will permit us to indulge so pleasing an illusion. With the acknowledgment which we here, for ourself, at least, most heartily make, that it is a source of no ordinary pleasure to us, and the greater for its rarity, when we can find that we are agreeing in principle or practice with those about us, we ought to purchase pardon for our many supposed vagaries, and have granted to us the sympathy of our opponents in consideration of our common weakness. We have sometimes been much more inclined to believe that the voice of the people is the voice of the devil, than the old and opposite maxim of *vox populi, vox Dei*; but nevertheless we are very much inclined to hug ourselves when we find that we happen to be with the crowd. In this, at least, we fancy, we are not singular. Nobody likes to be in a minority. It is a majority that we are all of us striving for. Even in our singularities we love to bring the world round to our way of thinking. We occasionally meet with a man who agrees with nobody, but such persons are always in a state of anxious discomfort. They are always seeking for some companionship, and are vexed because their neighbours will not agree with them. We knew a good, but somewhat obstinate old gentleman once, in one of the Western States, who, upon a certain occasion, was made foreman of a jury, in some very difficult and important case. The court waited in vain for a verdict, through the day, and at last adjourned, leaving the refractory jury to pass the night together in a close room, in the hope that want of rest would bring them to a decision. In the morning they appeared, worn and jaded, and were addressed by the Court, with a "Well Mr. Foreman, are you agreed?" "Yes," replied our friend, in not a little heat, "yes! all but eleven plaguey fools!" His case was by no means an unusual one. We all hate the distinction of the "glorious minority of one."

That there is great comfort in feeling, that however singular we may be, we are after all in the right, we do not mean to deny. If, when we say to the world, like Shylock to his creditor, it hath disgraced us, laughed at our losses, mocked at our gains, thwarted our bargains, cooled our friends, and heated our enemies, yet is there great satisfaction, also, in saying that the world is a fool, that we are in the right, and that it must some day come round to our side of the question. But this cynical way of viewing the matter is not half so pleasant as believing that you and the world are entirely agreed if you can only bring the world to see it. It is a pleasant philosophy, if not always a correct one, that there is not so much disagreement among men as there is misunderstanding, and it is well, oftentimes, to maintain it, if only for the sake of keeping our good-nature from growing rusty for want of use.

We declare, then, that the Abolitionists are a remarkable people, not because they are fanatics, and madmen, and infidels, as the world will falsely have it they are, but precisely because they are neither of these; because fifteen years of experience has proved them to be, in the main, right not only in principle, but in practice; and because all they have done in the past, and all they are doing now, has received, and is receiving the sanction of the very people who mobbed them in the beginning, and very likely will abuse them to the end. Martyrdom in some sort is the lot of all reformers; and the crown of martyrdom is no less their reward, though it rarely comes except to garnish their sepulchres. But a happier fate has befallen the modern Abolitionists. The generation that persecuted them, though it has not outgrown its anger, and learned to honour them with its lips, has done them the greater honour of living by their light and travelling closely in their footsteps. The mob that followed them to kill, have the next day, as it were, rushed to save either them or those in whose behalf they are labouring. The truths which when they announced them, were denounced as infidelity and fanaticism, are caught up and avowed as the common faith of the people. But a few years ago, and it was not beneath the dignity of the Judge from the bench, or the Governor from the curule chair, to commend these incendiaries to the tender mercies of the law. Now the courts and the Legislatures vie with each other in announcing and applying the principles they were so ready to punish. And even the last position which these Abolitionists have assumed, and perhaps as Abolitionists can assume, is a common word in the mouths of sober men on 'Change, in Insurance Offices, and wherever they most do congregate. The spirit of disunion, which only a little while ago was a phantom which scared men in times of trouble, as a dreaded portent, is welcomed now as a hearty and living body, sitting quietly an almost honoured guest at every banquet.

To be the thing, while they eschew the name, is what the people are striving for. And better is it so than to assume the name and not to be the thing. When the people, however, *are* Abolitionists in fact, they will gladly and proudly call themselves by the true title. It is because they are striving to reach the light which glimmers before them, and yet do not know precisely what that light is, that they cannot call themselves by the name which belongs to those who are in that light. This may sound like vainglory, but we do not mean it as such. We only know that here we are, and that up to us the crowd is pressing rapidly. They came at first with execrations and fearful menaces, and sometimes reached us with deadly missiles. And if these have ever made us pause, and doubt whether the paths we had chosen were the paths of wisdom—we wish we might say they were of peace—the crowd behind us gave no time for doubting, so closely have they followed to do the work which we said should be done. And while they denied our principles and denounced our measures, so sure as they began to do anything, they have adopted both. If we are mad, there is a method in our madness which is better than the sanity which stares at it. If we are infidels, our unbelief, the world says, is of that kind it is growing to believe in. If we are fanatics, it is a fanaticism which is fast coming into repute as down-right common-sense. Are not these, then, a remarkable people who are so with the world, and yet not of it?

The learned Rabbis of the Church, who cross the ocean to extend such Gospel as they know of, not long ago, pronounced Slavery as a part of that Gospel, blessed of God, and blessing man. Now, to-be-sure, it is not a sin always, but still it is, they know, a crying evil, and light thereon is to be prayed for, though they lose their dinners. Are they not almost the infidels they said we were that little while ago? The politicians—nearer the Kingdom of Heaven than these Scribes and Pharisees—have stepped into the places we have left, and are ready now to oppose the system which they characterize by harder names than ever we did, so far as the Constitution will permit them. And a portion of these coming out, as we did, from among their brethren, are treading fast upon our heels, as we mount to higher ground. As we say to them, you are verily guilty in this matter, inasmuch, as acting under this Constitution, you are doing through your representatives, that which, as honest men, you would not do yourselves; so they, in their turn, shout to those beneath them,—you are the guilty men who will send as your representatives, men that have done that which you would not have them do. The *Boston Chronotype*, as a type of a class, teaches the people of that city, that their Representative in Congress, makes them as guilty of the murders on the plains of Mexico by his vote, as if they brought the prisoners of war upon Boston Common, and killed them there.—And the Young Whigs run a new candidate for Congress, because the present one has made them a partner in this national butchery of an unoffending people. And what does all this mean, but that these people who cannot get up to the highest ground of the Abolitionists, yet recognize in some sort, that the great principle "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS," to a certain extent, is the only true one?

Do any then faint and grow weary? We, as a class, cannot go back if we would. The solid ranks which stand behind us hold us where we are, and however much they may call to us to return, or denounce us for going forward, they have pressed after us so hastily, that they have left behind us no paths unoccupied by which we may retrace our steps, no places in which we may stand.

Pious lies!—We extract the following paragraphs from the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, a weekly sheet, published in this city. The editor has been better informed, in regard to a number of the statements, but with a meanness peculiar to a certain class of people, has seen fit to let his misstatements remain uncontradicted. Speaking of the arrest of the slave, George Kirk, he takes occasion to pen, with the emphatic quota of italics and caps, which we append, the following gross falsehoods:

"*The Mayor of this city gave the authority, not by law,* BUT BY THE INFLUENCE OF HIS OFFICE, *to the* CHIEF OF POLICE, *who delegated every one of the* NINE HUNDRED POLICE *to capture this poor boy, who had been declared, within six hours, by the law of the land, a* FREEMAN!!! The captain offered a reward of fifty dollars, and instigated by this paltry sum, and *authorized by the Chief of Police*, the whole police force of the city became slave-hunters! It was the purpose of Captain Buckley to confine and conceal him till the brig returned, or some other opportunity offered, by which he could return him to Savannah."

"The *Globe*, the *Express*, the *Mirror*, and the *Herald*, have attempted to turn public sentiment against the boy."

"Everything that can be, is done by the opposite counsel to create delay. The whole city is in intense excitement, and it will be difficult to remove him as a slave."

"*Another Negro Riot.*—The following articles, from the New-York *Globe*, are just what we should expect from that paper. Is it harsh to say that nothing but the most brutal inhumanity would prompt one thus to treat the case of a man who has been deprived of his liberty by the exercise of the most high-handed tyranny?"

The fanatics of this city have had *their* say universally in this business, and *we* intend to keep the ball rolling until the cause of truth shall be vindicated. We shall handle the matter as best suits our taste and convenience, not neglecting the *fee* that counsellor White demanded, before he would engage the second time in the defence of this specimen of *unbleached domestics*. As a means of keeping up the agitation, we will take the liberty of asking brother Sydney Howard Gay, whose was the box into which Kirk was jammed? and also if our brother is *persure* that "George" *is now a free Nigger?*—*New-York Globe.*

The above article appeared in the *Globe* of the 8th instant, and we should have replied to it sooner if we had happened to see it.

Let us see now who is guilty of falsehood. We assert, and the *Globe* cannot deny, that there was no legal process issued for the capture of George Kirk after he was discharged by the Court of Oyer and Terminer under the first writ of *habeas corpus*. When the boy was brought before Judge Edmonds on the second writ, on the evening of his capture, the Mayor, through his attorney, denied that he was in his custody. And he at length only acknowledged that he was so, after the demand was made by Mr. McKeon to know in whose custody the boy was, and if he was not in the Mayor's, who would dare to raise his hand to stop him—Kirk—if he should leave the Hall at that moment. So much for that point, that there was no legal process. It was important for the boy that the Mayor should acknowledge that he was in his custody, as otherwise he would have been held by the Captain of the Police, or the Keeper of the City Prison, under the order of the captain, and in that case he would have been beyond the reach of law before another sun rose.

Now, who captured him? The police. By whose order? The Captain of Police. By what legal process? By none, as we have just shown. By what authority? By the Mayor's. And here is the proof.

During the hearing on the writ before Judge Edmonds, Mr. Jay stated the fact that the boy was taken without process of law, but by authority of the Mayor. We observed that the Mayor upon this spoke to Judge Edmonds, and his Honour immediately said that he *was authorized by the Mayor* to say that Mr. Jay's *statement was not correct*. It happened at the moment that there was some confusion at the bar, and Mr. Brady, the Mayor's attorney, probably did not hear the remark of the Judge, for he immediately arose and said, that as much remark had been made upon the ordering out of the police, he felt called upon to state that he was perhaps as much responsible for that act as any man: that he had, in his capacity of legal adviser to the Mayor, *advised that the police be called out*: that he should have *done so, if the force had been nine thousand, instead of nine hundred*: and that he *would do so again* under *similar circumstances, when there was apprehension of a riot!* Now the *Globe* can call upon Mr. Mayor and his legal adviser to settle this discrepancy between their evidence. We are willing to take Mr. Brady's word for the fact, and the word of the Chief of Police, that "nine hundred men were on the *qui vive* for the capture of the boy." As to the fear of a riot which Mr. Brady made his excuse, we submit who were the rioters, the nine hundred policemen on the *qui vive* to hunt a fugitive freeman without process of law, or the freeman himself, who was hid in a dark cellar, prevented from leaving the city by those very policemen?

If knowledge as to the ownership of the box will serve to keep up an agitation on this subject, we assure the *Globe* that we always have a box, or any other means necessary to secure the freedom of a slave, ready at our office. We beg him to make as much noise as he can with this fact, and especially at the South.

We can assure that paper also that George Kirk is beyond the reach of any bloodhounds, Northern or Southern,—any overseers, or overseers' attorneys.

We however promise the Globe, and its friends, Mr. Blunt and Mr. Brady, with his nine hundred policemen,—if the latter are not ashamed of their inhuman conduct, as we trust they are—that we will give them another opportunity of exercising the manly calling of slave-catchers as soon as we can find another kidnapping captain with a fugitive in his possession.

Like Master Like Man.

The English correspondent of the Journal of Commerce thus writes about the Anti-Slavery League:

The Anti-Slavery League are pushing their way through the provinces of England, and trying to get up an excitement in their favour. But it is in vain that Mr. George Thompson and his confrères, Garrison and Frederick Douglass, the runaway slave, attempt to get up the steam. People go and listen to them from curiosity, but the funds are not forthcoming. Large assemblies are easily got together to be amused with declamation, but words are froth if they produce not gold. The wealthy, the respectable, and the intelligent here, look with grave suspicion upon the attempted movement, believing it to be rather an effort of the parties to benefit themselves privately, without caring an atom for the real merits of the great public question, which all rational minds conceive can be surely served in a better way. John Bull is gullible enough, but he declines the Garrison and Douglass hook. At a recent meeting, held at Manchester, on the 13th instant, the Rev. Dr. Cox was attacked in a most brutal manner by Henry C. Wright, to which the Reverend Divine may simply reply, "cease viper—you bite against a file."

And a very simple reply it would be, for the Doctor is in reality a very rusty old file. The base insinuation in the above extract about gold plainly indicates the Judas-like inclinations of both writer and proprietor of the letter.—B.

Even some of the police asked, in a tone of vexation, "Why the deuce did n't his friends take care and hide him, when they once had him?"—*Letter of Mrs. Child to the Boston Courier.*

Mrs. Child conveys in the above extract, though no doubt unintentionally, the notion that the friends of Geo. Kirk did not take proper care of him when they first got him. Had Mrs. Child been conversant with the circumstances of this case while they were transpiring, she could not have committed such a mistake. When the boy was put into the hands of his friends, he was hurried as rapidly as possible out of the City-Hall, the police close upon his track. Not able to reach him because he was surrounded with friends and was run off so hastily, they raised the cry of "stop thief!" and there was no way left for the fugitive but to take refuge in the nearest cellar. Out of this building it was impossible to get him safely. Nine hundred men on a slave-hunt are not easily evaded. The best was done that could be under the circumstances.

☞ On our fourth page will be found some lines published as original, but which appear, also as original, in the *Tribune* of Monday morning. As our outside form goes to press on that morning it was too late to make any change, otherwise the lines of course would have been excluded. We published them in the first place, simply to oblige the writer, and because, as usual, when we can find anything passably decent in the heaps of trash that are sent us, our good nature gets the better of our good taste and judgment. They are not of such a character that we should ever think of copying them. We forgive the writer the trick he has played upon us, but we beg him for the future to confine his communications entirely to the *Tribune*. We are not surprised that he was ashamed to send his name.

We would say here to our poetical correspondents, that we happen to have within our reach the works of some of the best poets of modern and ancient times; and that, therefore, unless their contributions should be of more than ordinary merit, they would save us trouble and themselves perhaps some mortification, if they do not send them. If they do not, however, appear in our columns very soon after they send them, the easiest way to all concerned will be to ask no questions.

Thank God! there's another Freeman!

Was the exclamation of an enthusiastic lady, who had been a faithful attendant in court during the trial, when Judge Edmonds gave his last decision in the slave case. Were YANKEE DOODLE her husband, he would much rather have found her at home, mending his work-day trowsers, and heard her exclaim, "Thank goodness, there's another button sewed on!"—*Yankee Doodle.*

That is to say, liberty is n't worth a button to Yankee Doodle. True enough. What *he* thanks God for is the territory of which he robs his neighbour, and on which he means to extend Slavery.

Yankee Doodle, by the bye, stole this story from his elder brother, the New-York Herald. If he must pilfer other people's falsehoods, he might at least steal witty ones. That a woman is out of her sphere when she is doing anything but sew on buttons, is a piece of elegant sarcasm that has been perpetrated by every other pro-slavery print for the last fifteen years.

LIBERTY PARTY ON THE INCREASE.—The Liberty party polled in this city, by the help of the National Reformers, *forty-six votes*. The largest vote for Governor was 22,564. Liberty party has been in existence six years. At an annual increase of eight votes, how long will it take them to get a majority in this city for Governor? Will some of the papers please cypher it out.

Resolution of Thanks.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Abolitionists, held at the King Street Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Monday evening, November 9th, the following resolution was unanimously adopted, and ordered to be published in the National Anti-Slavery Standard:

Resolved, That the thanks of the friends of freedom and humanity are eminently due to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, for the fidelity, zeal, and good judgment, displayed by him in the management of the late fugitive slave case in this city, and that to his timely and well-directed efforts is owing, in a great degree, the success which crowned our labours to secure the triumph of justice and the freedom of the slave. Signed in behalf of the meeting,

ISAAC T. HOPPER, Chairman.
JARVIS JOHNSON, Sec.

A Man to be Killed!

To-morrow, in broad daylight, in the heart of this great city, a man is to be strangled to death;—a man whose strength has just come to its fullest power, whose blood leaps with the strong pulse of high health, and mature manhood through his veins. He will rise with to-morrow's sun, perhaps one of the strongest among these hundred thousand, and will be laid, ere the sun has set again, in his coffin. They will lead him out from his dark cell into the pleasant sunshine and the clear autumn air—he will look for a moment, and for the last time, on the little spot of earth and grass in the prison-yard, beneath his feet, and upward for a glimpse of the blue sky above him, and then they will hang him up between heaven and earth, a dead man; and the hum of the busy city, the tread of the thousands of the hurrying feet of this Christian people are the requiem of the departing soul.

And it is not only that a strong man, in the prime of life, in the fulness of his strength and health, is to be killed. This victim is one also, who never, till the committal of the crime for which he dies, did aught against a human creature. But he drank till he grew mad, and killed a man. Nor was he even an habitual drunkard; and thousands who are, and are at large, are far more likely than he to commit again such a deed as this. But drink maddened him, and they will kill him now, though he knew not what he did. Were it not better wisdom to prevent so many men from rushing to crime from madness, than to kill only a few who have been left to temptation and to crime? Nor is this all. They say that this man is fit to die now; that his heart is changed; and he spoke to us not many days ago the words the priest had taught him of the love of Jesus and the mercy of God. God help us! if true Christians are so rare that we must kill one when we get him, lest he shall lose Heaven by living longer. If he be a good man may we not trust him to live? If he be a bad one, we have need to pray to be forgiven when we kill him.

Who does this deed? The State. And the people make the State, and the Church teaches the people. Our reverend divines say for the glory of God, and the good of the people, must it be done. Then let the divines, if it be holy work, do it. Dr. Cheever ought to hang this man.

MRS. LUCRETIA MOTT.—The *Boston Courier*, in remarking upon the letter of our Philadelphia correspondent, a portion of which it copies, is in error in stating that Mrs. Mott is a member of Mr. Furness' church. She is an accredited minister of the Society of Friends, and a member in full standing of Cherry street meeting.

☞ JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was an attentive listener to the speeches at the last quarterly meeting of the Norfolk County Anti-Slavery Society, held at Quincy, Mass.

LEWIS HAYDEN, the fugitive slave who was assisted to escape from Kentucky by Delia Webster, and Calvin Fairbanks, was recently admitted a member of the order of the Sons of Temperance at Bangor, Me. They have done themselves honour by conferring membership upon him.

ERRATA.—We are requested by the author to publish the following list of errors in the lines addressed "To a Friend," in the Standard of week before last:

In the beginning of the 20th line, "awaits" should read "*await*." In the commencement of the next paragraph but one, "The *doings* of thine aspirings," should read, "The *wings*," &c.; and "*o'ershadowing*, in the same paragraph should be "*oer shadowing*." In the third line of the paragraph, beginning with, "Bending sky," the word "*inner*" should have been inserted before "eye." A few paragraphs farther down, "*sold* words," should have been "*cold* words," &c.; and in the 17th line from the bottom, there should have been a period after "couch," and none after "love," in the next line.

☞ Dr. HUDSON, we regret to hear, has had a verdict rendered against him in the action for false imprisonment, brought against him by Catharine Field, in whose behalf, it will be remembered, he obtained a habeas corpus, with a view to her release from Slavery. On the first trial the jury did not agree. On Saturday last, Judge Wilder, (the Court sitting in Boston,) ruled, pro forma, and with a view of bringing the case before the whole court, that the facts proved did not amount to a justification of the defendant in causing the temporary restraint of the plaintiff, notwithstanding the benevolence of his purpose in so doing. It was understood that the jury were not to consider the law in the case, but only to pass upon the amount of damages, and they rendered a verdict for $33. We understand the law of the case is yet to be decided by a full bench.

THE HUTCHINSONS' commenced a series of concerts in this city last evening.

JOHN P. HALE is to deliver the introductory lecture before the Adelphic Union, an association of coloured people, in Boston.

D. L. DIX.—We regret to hear that this noble-hearted and philanthropic woman has been seriously ill at Columbus, Ohio. She is said to be slowly recovering.

From our Boston Correspondent.

No. IX.

Election of Briggs and Winthrop—Ecstatic amends for a fright—Strange mistake of old Whigs—Alarming character of an honest man—Alarm of the old Hunkers, and how allayed—Opposition to Winthrop in Boston—Excommunication of Young Whigs—Intercalary virtue of possible candidates—Foolishness of Whig fright—Boston safe in the hands that pull the proper strings—Whig opposition to Mexican war all a sham—The Palace of Truth—Debt, War, and Tariff—Third Party Vote—Two-fold nature of some of its candidates—Friendly advice to Mr. Leavitt—Anti-Slavery meeting and Fair at Upton—Norfolk County meeting at Quincy—Presence of John Quincy Adams—Associations connected with his presence—Marie Antoinette—Franklin—&c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Nov. 14, 1846.

It is no news to you now that Recruiting Sergeant Briggs has been triumphantly re-elected Governor of Massachusetts. Mr. Winthrop, too, has carried it all hollow, in Boston, in spite of the opposition of the Young Whigs. The "Old Hunkers" are surprised at their own success, if one may judge by the delirious ecstacies of the Atlas over it. The way in which it performed the war-dance round its defeated foes, and in which it flourished its scalping-knife and tomahawk about their ears, was (or at least was intended to be) a *caution*. The Young Whigs met with no mercy at its hands, and they had no right to expect any. For though they had not really damaged their Fathers in the Whig Israel, they had soundly frightened them. And almost anybody will sooner forgive a flogging than a fright.

The cotton Whigs made a rather remarkable miscalculation, for politicians. Politicians usually think men *worse* than they are. The Cottonocrats erred in thinking them *better* than they are. They were terribly frightened at Young Whiggery. And no wonder. An honest man *is* a frightful object to politicians. They don't know what to make of him. He looms up and looks terribly big through the fog in which they habitually live. A man without a price would have puzzled Sir Robert Walpole himself. The result has proved how little reason they had to be distressed. They will know better another time.

This fear was such, just before the Convention in September, that it was well understood that Governor Briggs would have been thrown overboard, and the candidate of the Young Whigs substituted, provided he were not of certain specified unbearables. But the Young Whigs told them they did not intend to oppose Governor Briggs. It was decisive. The Old Hunkers had felt of them, and they were *soft*. So they nominated Governor Briggs by acclamation, kicked Mr. Stephen C. Phillips's resolutions out of the Convention, and have carried matters with a high hand ever since. Their fear for the State was gone when they found that the swallow of their callow young was capacious enough to take in Governor Briggs and his regiment of volunteers,—Colonel Winchester, Captain Coy, Captain Edward Webster, and all.

But they were not quite so sure about Boston. It looked as if there might be in them something dangerous, when the Young Whigs actually set up, first Mr. Sumner, and upon his declining, Dr. Howe, in opposition to Mr. Winthrop. That was open rebellion, and rebellions always look formidable to sleek, well-fed, well-to-do gentlemen, "who live at home at ease." The Whig ascendancy had been so long established in Boston, that they were the more easily frightened at any trouble in their camp; for it was what they were not used to. But the Atlas and the Daily Advertiser called for Bell, Book, and Candle, and cursed the heretics handsomely. They were interdicted, excommunicated, and delivered over to be buffeted in very creditable style.

It was curious, nevertheless, to hear, during the time when it was apprehended that the election might be broken, how very *young-whiggishly* some of the old Whigs would talk. Particularly those who might possibly be prevailed upon to take Mr. Winthrop's place, in case he should be obliged at last to decline a further contest. "They should vote for Mr. Winthrop, to be sure, but they did not by any means approve of his vote for the war. It was a thing they never would have done. It was a very wrong thing." Looking all the while most formidably moral, and as if Public Virtue herself had just clear-starched them and "done them up." All this, however, you will understand, was under the rose between them and those whom they sounded in the ear, as it is between you and me.

But all this alarm of the Whigs was on very small provocation. They ought to have known each other better. They never were in the smallest danger. The strings they have in their hands to pull, are the strings that are the best of all to make the puppets dance, *videlicet*, the *purse*-strings. A number of men whom you might count on your fingers, if you have the usual allowance, have the control of the business and business facilities of Boston, and their influence is felt from the importing merchant down to the *lumper* and *stevedore*. Of course, the control of the vote is to all intents and purposes in their hands. The wonder is that there were so *many* found to vote for Dr. Howe, the anti-war candidate, and not that there were so *few*. And I rather think that if they were polled, they would be found chiefly to be men whose circumstances, or pursuits, permitted them to indulge in the luxury of keeping a conscience, without imprudence.

As to there being any real opposition to the Mexican war among the leaders, or the mass of the Whig party, it is all moonshine. This election settles that point if there were any doubt of it before. I believe that the man who should bring them news of a peace, just now, would "have but a losing office." If the genius Phanor should erect anew, for their benefit, his palace of Truth, we should hear as strange revelations as any Madame de Genlis tells of, when they were compelled to speak exactly what they thought. Some rampant orators would find their words as little suited to their action as the two rivals did, who rushed into each others arms swearing *eternal hatred!* Some eminent saints, of which the party has more than its share, might be heard exclaiming, like the sentimental fair one, who ventured upon the terrible ordeal of the plan, "Now I am to *make believe* faint away!" And why should not they like the Mexican war? A tariff is their panacea for all earthly ills. Nothing so good for a tariff as a debt. Nothing so good for a debt as a war. "Argal, *probatum est!*"

The nomination of Governor Briggs had, undoubtedly, some effect in increasing the Third party vote. How it stands we do not yet know. The Chronotype claims a gain. The more prudent Emancipator suspends its judgment, until it sees the returns. The entire scattering vote is some two thousand, or more, *less* than it was last year. By the way, the leaders of the Third party would do well to take a lesson in party discipline from their neighbours, the Whigs. One or two of their candidates in the city were among the most active, or prominent, in getting up the Young Whig opposition to Mr. Winthrop, although they had a Richmond of their own already in the field! If this was not being "like Cerberus, *three* gentlemen at once," it at least disproved the celebrated theory of Sir Boyle Roche, that a *bird* is the only animal that can be *in two places at the same time!* Mr. Leavitt should ask his neighbour Hayden (of the Atlas) for the loan of his cart-whip.

Since I wrote to you last, I have been at two very excellent Anti-Slavery meetings. The first was at Upton, where there was held a Fair in aid of the Massachusetts Society. I addressed a very respectable audience in the Congregational meeting-house, the evening before, and made another address on the evening of the Fair, in the Hall where it was held. The weather was most unfavourable for the Fair,—being the hardest rain for two months. This untoward circumstance prevented the proceeds from being nearly as large as usual. But the Upton Abolitionists were too old in the cause to be disheartened by anything beyond our control, so we had the best of times, "for our sunshine was within!"

The other meeting was at Quincy, where the Norfolk County Anti-Slavery Society held a quarterly meeting last week. Here, too, the November rains curtailed our meeting of its fair proportions, and cut it down from two days to one. The day which we did have, however, was as fine a one as could be made, and we had a very encouraging assemblage of delegates from the various towns in the county, and from several towns in Plymouth county. Wendell Phillips, Parker Pillsbury, Loring Moody, Edmund Quincy, and Increase S. Smith, and others, took part in the discussions. The Church had its due in the afternoon, and the State in the evening.

In the evening the Hall was crowded, and many of the principal inhabitants of the town were present. Foremost among them all, as he would be in any assembly on this continent, was the venerable presence of John Quincy Adams. He was willing to give the testimony of his presence to an honest attempt to abolish Slavery, although he might not accept its philosophy or its method. He informed me that he had intended attending all our sessions, and had gone to the Town-Hall for the purpose, but finding it shut supposed the meeting given up. The mistake arose from the meeting being held in the lower story of the Town-Hall instead of the upper.

The presence of Mr. Adams necessarily gave a peculiar interest to the meeting, although he took no part in it. It seemed like the Past Age returning into the present, to see the face of one whose personal experience of historical events, and personal knowledge of historical characters goes back for seventy years. Like Burke, he had seen Marie Antoinette in the hey-day of her beauty, and could confirm the testimony of the great orator, that "surely never lighted on this orb a more delightful vision!" He lived a year, too, in the same house and in daily intercourse with Franklin. And here he was, near seventy years after, listening to the treasonable talk of fanatical Abolitionists!

The Gospel of disunion was set forth in all its keenness, at the evening session, by Messrs. Phillips, Quincy, and Pillsbury, and it was heard by the crowded audience with the most earnest attention. The meeting broke up at quite a late hour, and seemed willing to have remained yet longer. It was altogether a very successful and hopeful occasion.

D. Y.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

Henry Clapp's notion of popularity—Broad Street Committee, and the Scribes and Pharisees—Eulogium upon Garrison—True Character of members of the Evangelical Alliance—Intelligence in England—Statement of a remarkable fact by an Irish Priest—Father Spratt, the Teetotaller—His visit to the North of Ireland—Jealousy of Father Mathew—Faithfulness of George Thompson—Timidity of the Quakers—Great success of Garrison—Letter of Bishop Chase to the Bishop of Oxford—Journey of Mrs. Nicholson through Ireland on foot.

DUBLIN, October 18th, 1846.

MY DEAR GAY:—In a late number of the Lynn Pioneer, I read a letter of Henry Clapp, from England, in which he says that since his arrival on this side of the Atlantic—he was at that time about a month in the country—he had not met with above a dozen persons who had heard of Garrison's name, and that of these twelve, a number treated him all the more cordially because he had lately been the victim of Garrison's denunciation, or to that effect. Now, I think it very likely that both these assertions are true. But if so, they only prove two things—that Clapp was very little among persons who take an interest in the Anti-Slavery cause, and that the remaining dozen belong to the British and Foreign Anti Slavery Society—some of whose committee, men of high professions, long purses, and good standing in civil and religious society, including members of the Society of Friends—did their best to blacken Garrison's character in these countries, by the private circulation of infamous slanders against him. He was said to be an infidel, a disorganizer an incendiary, and so-forth—charges precisely as true of him as they were of the Apostles, who were doubtless calumniated in the same way by the Scribes and Pharisees, of their own times. As the Jews had their law, so the Friends have their Book of Discipline, and in it is written, "Are Friends careful to avoid and discourage tale-bearing and detraction?" and a very good query it is. Is it not odd that some of the people who profess to make the observance of this query one of the rules of

their lives, should have been so ready to take such a mean, beggarly, and unjustifiable course towards a man whose stainless life and great abilities have been devoted to the elevation of the most down-trodden of God's creatures—who is at war with nothing but evil—who is no man's private enemy—who is eminently deserving of that noble eulogium lately passed upon him at Bristol, by George Thompson, in the course of one of his most admirable orations, and while the object of this praise was hundreds of miles away. It was uttered in reference to the slanders bandied about in the committees of the Evangelical Alliance, "when it was urged against the friends of the slave as a term of reproach, 'You are a Garrisonite?'—'You are a Garrisonite,' said one member to another; and whenever there was a solitary individual—and there were a few—who lifted up their voices for the slave, they sought to assail him by the cry, 'He is a Garrisonite.' O! it would be a happy world if it were full of Garrisonites. I am a Garrisonite, and a very unworthy one. I have known Mr. Garrison for fourteen years, studied him, dived into his very soul, read all he has written, lived with him in his house, travelled with him in various parts of the United States, and had him as a guest in my own house. I know not a living man who looks more carefully for the footsteps of his Saviour on earth, that he may walk where he walked. That is my testimony to the character of Wm. Lloyd Garrison. If I loved him before he came to England this last time, I love him still better now. So much undaunted courage, so much eagle-eyed sagacity, so much intellectual power, blended with so much childlike simplicity, and with so much refined love for the meanest wretch in creation, I never met united in the same person." This burst of eloquent truth was received by a crowded audience of English men and women, with shouts of approbation. If Henry Clapp visits Bristol he will no longer be at a loss to meet with more than a dozen to whom the name of "Friend Garrison," as he calls him, is favourably known. It is known by thousands upon thousands, and tens of thousands, in London, Manchester, Norwich, Bristol, Liverpool, Newcastle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Belfast, Dublin. In England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, it is known and honoured as such a man only deserves to be honoured and known. As far as a reputation among men is worth having, that surely is most to be coveted which is the hearty tribute of veneration for a life devoted to the good of humanity. The fact is that the mission of Garrison to England at this very time, close upon the heels of the Evangelical Alliance, and while H. C. Wright and Frederick Douglass were in the country, could not have occurred more fortunately. It has served to expose the rottenness of sectarian Anti-Slavery, its cowardliness, its meanness, and its treachery. It has made plain to all men the worthlessness of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Committee, headed, as it is, by men who have either played the slave false in America, or done their best in England to blacken the fair fame of those who are devoting time and talents, heart and soul, to the promotion of the cause of liberty. Garrison told me that before he left home, he said to the Abolitionists who sent him, that he was not going to increase, but to lessen the number of friends to the American Anti Slavery Society. I think it probable that the number of those who thought themselves Abolitionists, will be greatly lessened by his coming, but that the ranks of those who have deep convictions of the withering and contaminating influence of Slavery, will be greatly increased,—and these are the only people whose adhesion can be relied upon. The rest are like chaff before the Simoon blast of sectarian bigotry and priestly craft. The "Select Committee of forty-five," to whom the Evangelical Alliance referred their mountain difficulty, respecting the admission of slaveholders, included many most distinguished clerical Abolitionists, such as Rev. Thomas Scales, of Leeds, Rev. Dr. Wardlaw, Rev. John Howard Hinton, Rev. Thomas Binney, of London, Rev. Dr. Cxo, of London, Rev. Dr. Urwick, of Dublin, Rev. Dr. Massie, of London, Rev. Dr. Hoby, of London—and a precious mess they made for themselves. In their earnest search for unity, they have plunged into a caldron of hot water. This Anti-Slavery question is a perfect touchstone of principle; and the professions of those blind guides who love their trade better than their souls are quickly tested by it.

But I have run away from the point I set out from. I meant to comment a little upon Clapp's remarks about Garrison's obscurity in these countries, as a public man. He probably judges of men's merits, by the number of those who are ready to proclaim them. In this case, I would say, that his estimate of true greatness is of the most vulgar kind. There are millions in the three kingdoms who have never heard of Milton, or Shakspeare, of John Howard, or Elizabeth Fry. Only a few months ago, I heard a lecture delivered before a crowded audience in Dublin, on the horror of Slavery. The lecturer is a Dr. Carhill a Catholic priest, who is extremely popular as a preacher. It was a strange compound of clap-trap and inaccurate statements. Amongst other things, while giving a sketch of the efforts made for the abolition of negro Slavery, he observed that in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the principal persons who distinguished themselves in this way, were Wilberforce and Clarkson! It is a fact. I heard it with my own two ears—and it was funny to see James Haughton's look of blank astonishment—(he sat just below me)—as this strange scrap of history was offered for the edification of the audience. I have heard of a Welshman's genealogy, or family tree, in which it was remarked—for you know that the Welsh pride themselves on their long-tailed families—that "about this time the world was created." But it is not in England as it is in America. Here, an immense population is crowded into a comparatively limited space, and these are divided into many grades, widely differing in their manner of living, their habits, customs, and amount of intelligence. They have little intercourse with one another—the literature of one class is frequently not the literature of another. Even their ideas of right and wrong are often widely different. The great man of one class, is not the great man of another class. It is hardly possible for an American to conceive the width of the breach that exists between them—which is yet, I hope and believe, daily becoming narrower. All the signs of the times are tending towards a better state of things. The spread of newspaper reading in the United States, creates an extent of superficial information which prevents much of the blank ignorance which prevails in these countries. I would suppose, from what I have read of the rapid extension of new English publications throughout the United States, that amongst you, our popular authors are known by name to twenty for one who knows them here. I have read of people in the manufacturing districts of England, who hardly know the name of Jesus Christ—and of others who attached the oddest ideas to it. But perhaps this is commoner everywhere, than most people think.

A circumstance has taken place within the last two or three weeks in connection with the temperance movement that will interest you. Next to Father Mathew, the most prominent teetotaller in Ireland is Father Spratt, an Augustinian friar. Mathew is a Capuchin, and lives, as all the world knows, in Cork. Spratt lives in Dublin. For some years past, he has been indefatigable, and has held great numbers of open-air meetings, and has given the pledge to tens of thousands. James Haughton has been his great bottle-holder on these occasions, and has devoted himself with heart and soul to the promotion of Spratt's labours. As a general rule, wherever Father Spratt was seen, you might be sure that James Haughton was very near—urging the assembled crowds to take the pledge, and portraying in the most attractive colours, the beauties and glories of temperance. They were a sort of Siamese twins in the advocacy of the cause; a curious sight in Ireland, or anywhere, to see an Augustinian friar and a Unitarian elder, combined in such noble and beautiful unity. Well, my dear, while all this was going on so snugly, an application came from Belfast, signed by a number of Protestant gentlemen, earnestly entreating Father Spratt to go to Belfast and administer the pledge. Now you know—or, if you don't, you should know—that Belfast is the metropolis of Ulster, the most northern of the four provinces of Ireland, and the most Protestant. Probably one-half of all the Protestants in Ireland are natives of Ulster. The feelings of sectarian and party animosity, which are the curse of Ireland, are peculiarly strong in the North, and are exhibited with fully as much ferocity by the Protestants as by the Catholics. In this state of things (which, however, is improving) it is remarkable that the beneficent influence of the temperance reformation has so far overborne the prevalent evil influences, that a Catholic priest (and a friar to boot) has been summoned by Protestant gentlemen, to aid in stemming the swelling tide of intemperance, which is doing dreadful mischief in the Protestant North. Now, as I have told you, in a former letter, there are a Catholic Bishop, and plenty of Catholic priests in Belfast—but for some unknown reason, the Bishop, and therefore the priests have been unfavourable to the spread of teetotalism, and have never invited Father Mathew, "the great apostle of temperance," to extend his labours to that diocese. Father Mathew has made it one of his rules of action, not to deliver the pledge in any diocese, without the consent or invitation of the Roman Catholic Bishop; and as Dr. Denoux, the right reverend father in Belfast, gave no sign, the Roman Catholic drunkards might wallow in the mire till doomsday—as far as Father Mathew is concerned. Well, the invitation came to Father Spratt to speak, he accepted it, and six thousand teetotallers were the result of his three days' visit. One would suppose that this would have given Father Mathew unqualified pleasure. Not so. In a letter to a friend of his which was published in the Dublin papers, he asserted that if, instead of 6,000 postulants, *all the people of Belfast*, (about 100,000,) had taken the pledge, the good effected would not have counterbalanced the evil of "setting altar against altar." This "setting altar against altar," means, that Dr. Spratt had dared to invite the Belfast people to cease from drinking, without the special permission asked and obtained from the "holy, pure, and pious" Dr. Denoux.

Now, suppose instead of wallowing in the mire of intemperance the people of Belfast had chosen to accustom themselves to luxuriate in dirty faces, I wonder would Father Mathew object if Father Spratt had dared, without the Bishop's consent, to enter his diocese as an apostle of soap and water. There is no telling. But it is lamentable and ridiculous to see such a man as Father Mathew who has been the instrument of such great good to his fellow-men, exhibiting so much narrowness or such petty jealousy. It has often been said that no great man is great in the eyes of his valet, and we are continually forced to confess that the greatest men are only mortals after all. It is rarely indeed that we see men of great celebrity without flaws or faults that make us ashamed for them. I know two or three, and that is as many as most men can boast of among their acquaintance, and strange to say, they all belong to those infidel, disorganizing, unquiet, Abolitionists—who are infidel to cant, who love justice better than long prayers, and long faces, and have no faith in bayonets for the preservation of peace or the spread of the Gospel. Since Father Mathew's letter appeared a longer one in reply has been published by Father Spratt. It is ably, clearly, and well written, and he has for the most part adopted the provoking plan of making Father Mathew answer himself, by showing that in all he (Father Spratt) has done for the promotion of temperance, he has only been the humble imitator of the labours of "the great apostle of temperance."

As to George Thompson, I am delighted with him. He is a great man, and has never evinced more of that moral courage with which he is so largely endowed, than at the present time. I used to think that if anything would make George Thompson swerve from his fidelity to the cause of the slave, it would be his religious attachments and his unwillingness to pain some high professor with whom he is on terms of great intimacy. But no!—he has marched out of this present trial without the smell of fire upon his garments. He is now no less the noble-hearted advocate of the only true religion—the religion hated by the scribes and pharisees of all sects—than he was when hunted for his life by the broadcloth mob of Boston, in 1835. His recent speeches at Norwich and Bristol are especially admirable and excellent. As Garrison has postponed his departure for America till the fourth of November, George Thompson has consented to remain with him for the remainder of his stay in these countries, and an amount of good seed will be scattered in that time which cannot fail to bring forth fruit in due season. I observe that Garrison has expressed surprise in his letters in the Liberator at the progress of pro-slavery sentiment in England within the past few years But surely this was no more than was to be naturally looked for from the increase of intercourse between us and the United States. The state of things among Friends is a melancholy sample of what we may look for in all the religious bodies. They were prominently Anti-Slavery—loud in their professions, and munificent in their contributions—first, for the abolition of the Slave-Trade, and then for the overthrow of Slavery in the British colonies. But the existence of American Slavery has never been able to arouse them to any commensurate exertion, for in consequence of the number of their preachers who have spent years in visits to the United States and have become deeply imbued with the spirit that prevails there, particularly amongst the Orthodox Friends, the dread of "the mixture," and the love of "the quiet," is much on the increase in Great Britain and Ireland. The late deputation to Indiana has capped the climax, and in order to keep their recreant leaders in countenance, it is necessary for the whole society to be as mute as mice. The Yearly Epistle which used to raise a voice against Slavery like a trumpet (a Quaker trumpet I mean) is now satisfied with a little paragraph that would scarcely "raise the dander" of a mob in New Orleans—it sings so dreadful small. So of this Evangelical Alliance—they will give the tone to vast numbers of congregations of pious people, who, while making vast exertions for the conversion of the heathen, will be unable to see anything so very bad in the heathenism of the United States, while so many dear pious preachers of the Gospel are ready to vouch for the Christianity of those who uphold it. You will find that surely other professors will be no better that the Quakers. In short, the Anti-Slavery cause must rely upon that small, but increasing class who wont be hood-winked—who wont see with the eyes of other people—who prefer God's truth to the peace of sects, and the cause of humanity to the uppermost seats in the synagogues. It is indeed a glorious liberty to breath the pure air of freedom from such thraldom. When Garrison came over this time I thought his chief labours would be in private social circles, and that he would thus reach a class of minds that could not be so readily converted in the turmoil of public meeting. I rejoice however, that so much has been done in both ways. Adherents have been gained, facilities have been created, and thousands have heard the true Gospel preached, far beyond what I hoped for. Enemies have been made too—but they are those whose friendship was hardly worth having—and it is better that people should know distinctly how we stand, and whom we have to rely upon.

That letter of Bishop Chase to Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, is a rich sample of pro-slavery literature. It is a specimen of the hateful cant and hypocrisy to which a man can stoop who is willing to justify Slavery by an appeal to the New Testament. How blind a bat he must be if he does not see that in reconciling so much wickedness with that book he is aiming the deadliest blow at the faith of which he professes himself the minister.

If he could prove that a system so essentially and invariably unjust and cruel, was consistent with the religion of Jesus Christ, he would do more to justify the opponents of Christianity, than all the infidels that have ever written

Within the last few weeks, I have become acquainted, through the introduction of James Haughton, with a very remarkable countrywoman of yours—a Mrs. Nicholson, a native of Vermont, who kept a lodging-house in New-York for many years. She is well acquainted with the Abolitionists, and is intimate with many of the most prominent amongst those of past and present times. She appears to me to be a clear-headed, sound-hearted woman, of much true nobility, both in conduct and sentiment. She came over to this country about two years ago, and travelled through thirty-one of the thirty-two counties of Ireland, chiefly on foot, with a view to investigate with her own eyes the physical, moral, and religious character of the people. She has visited the poorest of the poor in their own cabins, has eaten of their potatoes, and lodged in their miserable beds, when lodging was not to be found elsewhere. In short, she has seen the people more intimately, than any other individual that I have ever met with. She travelled alone and unprotected, in the wildest and most disturbed districts, and her testimony is eminently favourable to their courtesy, and kindness, and so is her estimate of what they might be made under favourable circumstances. A general tendency exists among the Protestant religionists of all classes in Ireland, to aim at the regeneration of the country, not by mending themselves, but by preaching up a crusade against Popery; and this is generally done in the most insulting and offensive way, and of course, excites great bitterness and hostility. Mrs. Nicholson did not imitate this course in her conduct or conversation—and the result was that she was most cordially received by the Catholics, whilst the Protestants—although she is a Presbyterian herself—generally looked upon her with dislike and suspicion. This is so very Irish that it must be true. She means to publish the result of her observations, and I have no doubt she will write a most interesting and truly valuable book. She is a staunch Grahamite, teetotaller, and admirer of cold water, and has published a "Nature's Own Book," containing receipts for a new system of diet, in which all animal substances are eschewed with a holy horror. Mrs. Nicholson is a poor woman, but she is independent-minded, great-hearted, and an honour to the Green Mountains. She was treated with great hospitality, and even distinction by the poor people, who rarely ever see "a lady" with bonnet and shawl, and shoes and stockings, sit down in their poor habitations, on terms of unassuming, sympathizing equality. On the other hand, at Achile, a Protestant mission settlement on the west coast, she was treated as an emissary from the Pope, and was insulted and ill-treated in consequence, by the promoters of evangelical religion among the benighted Catholics. We have in the conduct of the Evangelical Alliance, a pretty sample of the absurdity of the people talking of the darkness of others, who cannot distinguish the faintest glimmerings of moral light and truth themselves.

It will interest Henry C. Wright's friends to know, that he has resolved to devote the next few months to the establishment and promotion of the Anti-Slavery League in England, and he has just published a book, entitled, "Defensive war found to be opposed to Christianity, and to the government of God." This book is, in my opinion, the most conclusive I have ever met with, as to the utter inconsistency of the soldier's steel, and the hangman's rope, with the injunctions of the Sermon on the Mount. The world's history is a terrible comment upon the results of an attempt to reconcile them.

Yours truly,

RICHARD D. WEBB.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*: Lines written upon the late Election in Pennsylvania; A Man's Requirements; Extract from Festus. *Miscellany*: Memoirs of William Lloyd Garrison (*continued*); Tale of the Last Militia; Dramatic Styles; Wollaston Laboratory; Mr. Cobden's Early Life; The Peerage—Assumed Names; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery*: The Slave Case; Mrs. Child; The Slave Case in New-York. *Selections*: The Voice of Vermont; Plain Talk; Nomesis; A Slave Hunt in Chicago; Great Anti-Slavery Meeting, &c.

SECOND PAGE.—*Communications*: Letter from Western New-York.

Married,

In Portland, November 6, HORACE BROOKS, Esq. of this city, to Miss MARY O. daughter of the late Andrew L. Emerson, and grand-daughter of Hon. Asa Clapp.

In Nantucket, Mr. GEORGE R. FOLGER to Miss CATHARINE F. MACY.

In Northampton, November 2. FRANCIS H. DEWEY, Esq. of Worcester, son of Hon. Judge Dewey, to Miss FRANCES A. only daughter of John Clarke, Esq. of N.

At Harlem, on Thursday, the 24th ultimo, by Rev. A. A. Phelps, THOMAS LAFON, M. D. of Kentucky, late of the Sandwich Island Mission, to Mrs. RUTH ANN TWEEDY, of Harlem, N. Y.

Died,

At Morristown, (Illinois,) at the residence of her son, Mrs. SARAH BRUSH, formerly of Boston.

In Washington city, on Monday last, at his lodgings in that city, at 8 o'clock, A. M. Commodore JOHN H. NICOLSON, of the United States Navy, in the 63d year of his age.

In Philadelphia, on the 10th instant, SARAH ASHBRIDGE, in the 91st year of her age.

At Leicester, (Massachusetts,) November 1st, JACK CAMBIDGE, a coloured man, aged 78. He was one of the few remnants of a more barbarous age, when Slavery was tolerated even in New England. He was in early life a slave in Rhode Island, and obtained his freedom by removing to Massachusetts, where he has since remained, and sustained a good character for industry and morality.

On the 4th instant, on board a steamboat on a journey to New Haven, Dr. RICHARD EELS, of Quincy, Illinois.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Twelve Days Later from Europe.

The steamship Great Western arrived at this port on Monday evening, after a passage of about sixteen days.

The price of cotton and provisions is still advancing.

In Ireland the famine is very severe, and many of the people are dying of starvation. It is said, however, that the high price of provisions is somewhat owing to the speculations in them, and that the reports of distress in Ireland have their origin to some degree in the same source.

Mr. Cobden has been received at Madrid with the same marks of respect as in France. He has gone to the East, accompanied by Miss Martineau. Elizabeth Barrett Barrett is married to Robert Browning.

The Great Britain still lies in Dundrum Bay. She has forged still further in shore, but it is expected that she will be got off.

Mr. Bancroft and his wife have arrived at Liverpool.

A meeting of the Evangelical Alliance is to be held at Manchester on the 4th of November, to form the British organization.

Great numbers of Dutch farmers and peasants are now emigrating to the United States.

It is said that Mr. Rowland Hill has been offered the situation of post-office Secretary of Ireland.

Some attempts made last spring to cultivate rice in the neighbourhood of Rome have fully succeeded, and a company has consequently been formed for the purpose of growing rice in the whole of the plain between Ostia and Porto d'Anza, which is forty leagues long, and can be flooded at will by the waters of the lakes Albano and Lemi.

A young astronomer of Rome, M. Albert, has just discovered, in a private library, a manuscript work of Galileo, relative to the satellites of Jupiter, which was thought to be lost. He has published it.

The Glasgow Free Church Presbytery have resolved not to interfere in the question of American Slavery, further than remonstrating with the churches in America as to their duty in the matter.

The Pope intends to substitute imprisonment for life for the punishment of death, which he wishes to abolish totally.

The Spanish marriage is still a subject of interest and comment in Europe.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE—ARRIVAL OF MR. GARRISON.—The "Acadia" arrived at Boston on Tuesday with four days later news. We observe in the news by the Telegraphic Dispatch, that the price of provisions has fallen. Mr. Garrison is among the passengers. We give him a hearty welcome home again.

Late from Mexico.

By the Picayune of the 7th instant, we have the gratifying intelligence of the failure of the American squadron, under Commodore Conner, to take Alvarado. We make the following extract from the correspondence of the Picayune, which gives the main facts:

We were within ten miles of the mouth of the river at daylight, and stood slowly into shore, it being dead calm—the Vixen and McLane towing the schooners—the Mississippi anchored at long-shot distance, and commenced her fire. Up to this time, everything appeared highly favourable to the success of the expedition. There being a heavy swell on the bar, the pilot declined taking the vessels over. The Commodore, leading in the Vixen, with the rest of the force following, passed by the fort, each vessel firing her broadside as she ranged ahead, with but little effect, however, owing to the distance. A long eighteen in the Forward, sent a shot directly into the fort—this movement was repeated with better success, the distance being lessened, and again the Forward made a most beautiful shot. In the meanwhile, the Mississippi had closed up, and exploded her Paixhans about the heads of the Mexicans, in a way that must have made some of them see more stars than the Lord ever made. One shot from her dismounted a heavy gun of theirs from the stockade, this they soon remedied, but thus far all their shot had fallen short. During the morning, several of our boats sounded within half a mile of the fort, receiving the fire of the enemy with as much impunity as indifference. The swell on the bar having somewhat subsided, at one P. M. the line was formed as follows; steamer Vixen, flag-ship, towing gun-boats Reefer and Bonati; steamer McLane, towing the Nonata; cutter Forward, and gun-boat Petrel; then two launches, three cutters, and a barge, containing a force destined for boarding the vessels of war, brought up the rear The Vixen with her tow, passed the bar, and took position within point blank range, but the McLane stuck fast, and the Commodore finding himself deprived of the support of two-thirds of his force, and being unable to sustain the fire of a twelve-gun battery with but four light pieces of his own, was obliged to retreat. The force in the boats was now exposed to a heavy fire, the shot flying thick and fast around us, and had the Mexicans fired grape, it would have knocked some of us into fits. We escaped, however, with a good ducking from the spray of the balls.

Important and Late from Santa Fé.—By the arrival at Fort Leavenworth on the 30th of October, of Lieut. Col. Ruff, of the Missouri Volunteers, we learn that General Kearney left for California on the 25th of September, taking with him companies B, C, G, K, and I, 1st United States Dragoons—in all about 400 men, mounted on *mules*.

Organization of the Territory of New Mexico.—Gen. Kearney, by printed proclamation, dated September 22, 1846, announces that, being *duly authorized* by the President of the United States, he appoints the following named persons the executive and administrative officers of the laws and government of the territory of New Mexico:

Governor—CHARLES BENT.
Secretary of the Territory—DON ADUCIANO VIGIL.
Marshal—RICHARD DALLAM.
U. S. District Attorney—FRANCIS P. BLAIR.
Treasurer—CHARLES BLUMMER.
Auditor Public Accounts—EUGENE LEITENSDORFER.

And Joab Houghton, Antonio Jose Otero, and Charles Baubien, Judges of the Supreme Court. These appointments were regarded as the best that could be made out of the material present in Santa Fé. The appointment of Gov. Bent appears to give general satisfaction.

General Items.

WASHINGTON, November 17—Noon.

Requisition for Troops!—Seven Thousand Volunteers called for!—The War Department has made requisitions calling into service eight additional regiments of volunteers. One from each of the following States:—Massachusetts, New-York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, and one of mounted men from Texas.—*Tribune Telegraphic Dispatch.*

C. M. Clay.—Lt. Col. Clay left on the 22d ultimo, in company with Col. Taylor, for Monterey, with an escort of four or five hundred men—they had some $100,000, and we have had fears for their safety. Old Canales is at all times on the look out for such snaps.

Col. Clay was thrown from his horse about the 15th August, and dislocated the elbow of the right or sword arm, and was unable to drill, and by request of old Zachary, he joined his military family at Monterey.—*Danville (Kentucky) Tribune.*

William A. Powell has been tried in Darlington District, S. C. for stealing a slave boy, and sentenced to be hung the first Friday in January next.

They have caught him.—The Eutaw Whig (Alabama) states that Bryant Himes, who in December last ran off with about sixty negroes mortgaged to the State Bank of Alabama, has been captured in Florida, and lodged in Green county jail to await his trial for the penitentiary offence. Forty-two of the negroes were found in his possession, and on the way back to Alabama.

The Home Journal.—Mr. Willis.—We see by a notice in the National Press of last week, that Mr. Willis has again associated himself with Mr. George P. Morris, and that they have resolved to make some changes in the character and title of the weekly paper establishe by the latter. It is hereafter to be called "The Home Journal."

Texas has now no troops in the field, and Governor Henderson (now at Monterey) has issued an order for the raising of a new Texas regiment, to serve during the war.

Monks for Pennsylvania.—The Roman Catholic Advocate says that a colony of missionaries, of the order of St. Benedict, started from Munich on the 29th of July, for the United States of America, to form at St. Joseph, in Pennsylvania, the first monastery of Benedictines. It is composed of Rev. Father Boniface Wimmer, (prior,) F. Maximilian Goetner, two theologians, two scholastics, and several lay brothers.

Breaking up a Gang of Negroes.—Two Women Shot and two Wounded.—For some time past the citizens of the Third Municipality have been aware that a considerable gang of runaway negroes had congregated in the swamp in the faubourg Washington, where they lived on what they could scrape together at night by thieving, and contributions from their friends in the city. On Wednesday afternoon, a party of ten or twelve gentlemen, some living in the Second and some in the Third Municipality, who had lost slaves, determined to break up the gang. They accordingly sallied forth, armed with fowling pieces loaded with buck-shot, and reached the habitation of the negroes. There were about fifteen of them, male and female, and at the time they were surprised they were in the act of eating supper. They were immediately summoned to surrender, but refused and took to their heels, whereupon a volley was fired at them, killing a man and woman, and badly wounding two women. The rest escaped. The men had a number of muskets but did not fire them. The two women were brought up to town the same night, and it is not known whether their wounds are mortal or not.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

NOTICES.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.

C. L. Remond and J. C. Hathaway will hold meetings as follows:

East Bloomfield, Thursday, November 19, at 6, p. m.
South Bristol, Friday, " 20 "
Naples, Saturday, " 21 "
Cohocton, Sunday, " 22, at 2 & 6, p.m.

STEUBEN COUNTY.

Liberty Corners, Monday, November 23, at 6, p. m.
Patchenville, Tuesday, " 24 "
Dansville, Wednesday, " 25 "
South Dansville, Friday, " 27 "
Arkport, Saturday, " 28 "
Almond, Sunday, " 29, at 2 & 6, p. m.
Hornellsville, Tuesday, December 1, at 6, p. m.
Howard, Wednesday, " 2 "
Avoca, Thursday, " 3 "
Wheeler, Friday, " 4 "
Prattsburg, Saturday and Sunday, " 5 & 6, at 2 & 6, p. m.
Pultney, Monday, " 7, at 6, p.m.
Urbana, Tuesday, " 8 "
Wayne, Wednesday, " 9 "
Tyrone, Thursday, " 10 "
Reading, Friday, " 11 "
Painted Port, Saturday, " 12 "
Campbell, Sunday, " 13, at 2& 6, p. m.
Addison, Monday, " 14, at 6, p.m.
Woodland, Tuesday, " 15 "
Jasper, Wednesday, " 16 "
Cameron, Thursday, " 17 "
Canandaigua, Sunday, " 20 "

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS.

WILLIAM W. BROWN, AN AMERICAN SLAVE, whose labours have been so successful in Western New-York, will hold Anti-Slavery meetings at the following places:

OSWEGO COUNTY—AWAKE!!!

Hannibal, Thursday, November, 19,
Granby, Friday, " 20,
Fulton, Saturday, " 21,
Volney, Sunday, " 22,
Constantia, Monday, " 23,
Amboy, Tuesday, " 24,
Williamstown, Thursday, " 26,
Sand Bank, Friday, " 27,
Washington, Saturday and Sunday, November 28 & 29,
Pulaski. Monday, Nov. 30, & Tuesday, December 1,
Plattsville, Wednesday, December 2,
Mexico, Thursday, " 3,
New Haven, Friday, " 4,
Oswego, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Dec. 5, 6, & 7.

The meetings will commence at 6 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

J. C. HATHAWAY, Gen. Agt.

E. D. HUDSON AGAIN IN THE FIELD.

The friends of the slave in the different localities are informed that our efficient friend and fellow-labourer, E. D Hudson, proposes to hold meetings at the following places; and they are requested to make all necessary arrangements for the meetings, and extend to him their cordial and hearty co-operation and aid, particularly in procuring subscribers to the National Anti-Slavery Standard, which is at the present time, beyond a doubt, the most economical instrumentality in accelerating the day of emancipation.

Hillsdale, Columbia county, Wednesday, November 4
Albany, Friday, " 6
Amsterdam, Saturday, " 7
Johnstown, Sunday and Monday, " 8 & 9
St. Johnsville, Monday and Tuesday, " 9 & 10
Oppenheim, Wednesday, " 11
Little Falls, Thursday, " 12
Herkimer, Friday, " 13
Utica, Saturday, " 14
Marcy, Sunday, " 15
Rome, Monday, " 16
Verona Centre, Tuesday, " 17
Oneida Castle, Wednesday and Thursday, " 18 & 19
Canastota, Friday, " 20
Syracuse, Saturday and Sunday, " 21 & 22

J. C. HATHAWAY, Gen. Ag't.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

At Rochester, on Christmas Week, 1846.

The time has passed by, to undertake to set forth the propriety and usefulness of Anti-Slavery Fairs, as an instrumentality in forwarding the cause in which we are engaged. Their efficacy and efficiency have been fully tried, and amply demonstrated. The benefits reflected upon those engaged in them, have been found to be, not among the least useful results. The sewing circle, the social meeting, the free exchange of thought, the awakening of interest, all tend to good.

It is found that we can only get good by doing good—that we can only *truly* receive by giving, and that "to withhold more than is meet tendeth to poverty." We therefore, in behalf of the slave, make an appeal for aid to those who love Freedom, and hate Slavery,—who help to Liberty and despise oppression,—with a confident assurance, that to those who appreciate the spirit and genius of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, the appeal will not be in vain.

OBJECTS OF THE FAIR.

The products of the Fair will be expended under the direction of the Board of Managers, in defraying the expenses of the Anti-Slavery agents, and in sustaining the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Any persons making contributions or donations, can have the amount expended in either specific manner which they may direct.

A commodious Hall will be procured, and the Fair opened on Christmas Eve, and continued until New Year's day. Addresses will be delivered through the week by the most eloquent friends of Freedom, who can be obtained. An Anti-Slavery Choir will be in attendance, to sing, in behalf of Liberty, songs appropriate to the cause and occasion.

In the name, then, of outraged humanity, imbruted and trampled upon,—in the name of prostrate manhood, scourged and bleeding,—in the name of God-like intellect, bedimmed and clouded,—in the name of anguished mothers, weeping and wailing,—in the name of little children, bound and fettered, sold and bartered, we ask every one to do something. The farmer can surely find something among his various productions to offer upon the altar, if his heart is in the work. All the productions of the dairy, poultry, and all the varieties of fruit, grain, and vegetables, will be needed. We ask the miller for his flour, the baker for aid in baking cake and crackers, and the mechanics for the products of their skill, in the shape of such neat, tasteful, and useful articles as their various handicrafts can furnish. The merchant for staple and fancy stuffs, such as we can work up into useful and attractive articles, for keepsakes, and friendly offerings, and while we are labouring, we remember that every stitch we take is a stitch in the shroud of Slavery, and that will make the labour light.

Don't let those who have nothing but money to give feel slighted, for that will not be refused, but will be more than doubled by the willing hand of industry.

Now, friends, we ask each and every one of you, by the regard you have for the happiness of your own hearthstones, by the religion which you profess, and the attributes of Him whom you worship, to become fellow-labourers with us in this holy cause.

Sarah R. Doty, Farmington.
Phebe Hathaway, "
Margaret Pryor, Waterloo.
Mary Ann McClintock,
Sarah E. Thayer, Poplar Ridge, Venis.
Sarah Jacobs, " "
Eliza M. Cooper, Williamson.
Sarah D. Fish, Sodus.
Sylvia Mead, Lockport.
Laura Murry, Darien.
Amy Post, Rochester.
Sarah A. Burtis, "
Abigail Bush, "
Elizabeth G. Curtis, "

CIRCULAR.

Again we invite the co-operation of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, in our preparations, already commenced, for the Fair of 1846. We trust that our friends in town and country, will immediately begin, if they have not already done so, to make arrangements for working circles, &c. and enlist as many warm hearts and efficient hands as can be found in their respective neighborhoods. Our next Fair is to be held in a much larger Hall, than we have heretofore occupied, and it is our intention that it shall be in every respect greatly superior to former ones. To accomplish this, we must, *each and all*, be more diligent, more active in invention and execution, than heretofore. The cause demands new efforts, and whose heart does not respond to the call? Let each of us commence this work with a determination that the Fair *shall* be what we wish to make it. Let no suggestion be lost, let no inventive thought be rejected, which can be profitably applied in any department of the labor. Much depends on the *variety* of the collection, and the skill and taste of all may here find ample room for profitable exercise. And the usual articles of needlework will be in demand, and a much larger supply than heretofore of the products of the garden, the dairy, and the farm. We wish to fill one table with specimens of Natural History in every variety, and another with pot flowers. Will the friends in the country prepare these for the occasion? Let all who have beautiful flowers of any kind, plant cuttings from them now, and, if properly trained, they will probably be ready for us in December next.

Your past experience and observation, dear friends, diminishes the necessity of suggestions from us. What we would most urgently press upon you is, that the work of preparation be commenced *immediately*, and continued diligently. We shall be glad to communicate with any circle or individual, who may wish for consultation with us respecting the Fair, and shall be happy to receive friendly suggestion from any quarter.

Sarah Pugh,	*Emma Parker*,
Theresa Hallowell,	*Gertrude K. Burleigh*,
Sarah L. Child,	*Hannah L. Stickney*,
Anna M. Hopper,	*Mary T. Stickney*,
Margaret Griscom,	*Emily Winslow*,
Sarah A. McKim,	*Maria Davis*,
Amy Matilda Cassey,	*Harriet D. Purvis*,
Paulina Wright,	*Sarah L. Purvis*,
Janette Jackson,	*Margaret Jones*,
Martha Carman,	*Mary Grew*,
E. Carman,	*Margaretta Forten*,
Clementine Green,	*Mary Shaw*,
Huldah Justice,	*Hester Reckless*,
Eliza J. Bias,	*Esther Hogeland*,

Committee of Arrangements.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society will be held at ROCHESTER, commencing on Monday, December 28th, at two o'clock, P. M. At this meeting the principles and measures of the Society will be fully discussed, and, as usual, an opportunity given to those who may differ from us, to express that difference in the fullest and freest manner.

It is important that the friends of the slave should come up in large numbers. The TIMES demand uncompromising, decisive, and energetic action. Within the short space of forty years, the slave population of our country, (notwithstanding the large numbers whose lives have been cut short by this murderous system,) has increased from about one million to more than three millions, and the SLAVE POWER has increased in a still more fearful ratio. The AMERICAN UNION is but a name, the UNITED STATES CONSTITUTION, but a form—the one has lost its vitality, the other its *power*, for *good*. The only *union* which is left for freedom or *freemen*, is a union with the halter—the stake—the branding-iron, and the dungeon; and the Constitution has become a pliant instrument in the hands of oppressors to facilitate their nefarious purposes, and accomplish their diabolical designs. Whoever offers a libation upon the altar of the one, or yields his allegiance to the other, does homage to tyranny and gives strength to despotism.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND, of Massachusetts, WILLIAM W. BROWN, of Farmington, and other distinguished speakers, will be present.

J. C. HATHAWAY, President.
SARAH A. BURTISS, Secretary.

NORTHAMPTON WATER-CURE.

Mr. Editor:—Will you allow me a place, in the columns of your paper, to express my grateful acknowledgments to the philanthropic citizens of Northampton and vicinity, who have been moved to patronize my humble effort to enlarge the Water-Cure Establishment, to an extent which enables me to furnish pleasant accommodations for between thirty and forty patients of both sexes; and to inform such as wish to take a Fall and Winter course of treatment, that several, in addition to those with me, can now be accommodated with rooms.

Since experience has not convinced me of the truth of that opinion entertained by many, that hydropathy is the cure for every disease that may afflict the human family, I think it due to my friends, to the public, and to the cause of hydropathy, to state, that I shall not receive invalids to this Infirmary who are not attended with that electric symptom of the skin, which is to me evidence of the ability of the patient to bear such varied applications of water as will effect a cure. To prevent disappointment, and save the expense of a journey, I wish all applications for treatment by persons residing at a distance, to be made in writing, with a full statement of all the symptoms that have for years attended them; also their age and occupation; that I may form some judgment as to the condition of the patient to be successfully treated. As my mode of attending to symptoms and practicing the cure, differs from that of gentlemen who are graduates of the medical colleges, and limits my practice I will furnish a list of the most prominent of the different complaints treated at this Infirmary, namely: liver complaint, jaundice, dyspepsia, general debility, mercurial affections, lung complaint (though not seated consumption), apoplectic habits, or tendency of circulation to the head, fits, acute or chronic nervous complaints, skin diseases and humours, erysipelas, scrofula, salt rheum, secret diseases, chronic or acute rheumatic complaints, costiveness and piles, inflammation of the mucous membrane, bronchitis, acute or chronic inflammation of the abdominal organs, spinal complaints, acute or chronic affections of the hips, diseased joints, lame and withered limbs, paralysis, fevers, fever and ague or intermittent fever, derangement of the circulation by the use of ardent spirits and tobacco; and hydropathy is a cure for an insatiable appetite for tobacco and spirituous liquors, even when the patient is attended with fits of delirium tremens.

I think that the greatest impediments to hydropathy's curing the above complaints, under judicious practice, is the imprudence of such invalids as are governed by their feelings instead of their better judgment, and leave the *cure* to "get along at home"—when a few weeks longer *stay away* from "home" would secure to them that boon of health they had so long desired.

All the patients who are treated at this Infirmary are expected to be particular in regard to diet, punctual and faithful in their attendance to the treatment, as my mode of practice will not admit of an indifferent or evasive course on the part of the patient. Respectfully yours,

DAVID RUGGLES.

P. S. Terms for board and treatment $5,50 per week, payable weekly—washing extra. Each lodging room in the establishment is well calculated for two occupants. A person who occupies a room alone will pay $8,50 per week. Those who require extra attention, nursing, and fires in their rooms, excepting for swathing purposes, will furnish their own attendants and fires, or pay an additional price. Every patient is expected to bring with him two pairs of cotton sheets, two pillow cases, one strong linen sheet, some well-worn linen to cut for fomentations, three woolen blankets, three thick comfortables, half a dozen towels, and a syringe.

Gentlemen and ladies who wish, on leaving the Cure, to bear such testimony for the faithfulness of their attendants, may contribute what they please to the attendants' purse, which will be opened annually and distributed according to the merits of each attendant. D. R.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.	
Pot, first sort 1845.	a 3 87½
Pearl	a 4.50
CANDLES.	
Mould, tallow lb.	9 a 11
Sperm	25 a 27
Stearic do.	a
COAL.	
Liverpool, chaldron,	7.75 a .
Newcastle	6.25 a 7.00
Scotch	6.00 a 6.50
Sidney and Pictou	6.00 a 6.50
Anthracite, 2,000lbs.	5.00 a 6 00
COFFEE.	
Java, Gov't per lb.	9½ a 11
Sumatra	7¼ a 7½
Porto Rico	a
Laguayra	7¾ a 8
Cuba	a
Brazil	6½ a 7¾
St. Domingo	6 a 6½
COTTON.	
New Orleans	6¾ a 9¾
Alabama	6¾ a 9¾
Florida	6¾ a 8¾
Upland	6 a 7½
Upland, fair	7¾ a 8¼
Upland, good and fair	8½ a 8¾
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 3-4	4 a 5
do. do. 7-8	5½ a 6½
do. bleached	5 a 7
do. S. I. do.	7 a 11
Sheetings, brown 4-4	6½ a 8
do. do. 5-4	10 a 12
do. bleached 4-4	7 a 12
do. do. 5-4	12 a 15
Calicoes, blue	7 a 12
do. fancy	6 a 10
Plaids	9 a 11
Stripes, fast colors	8 a 10
Satinetts	26 a 60
Checks 4-4	8 a 12
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	14 a 15
do. 14 a 19	18 a 20
do. 20 a 23	22 a 23
DRUGS & DYES.	
Alum, lb.	2½ a 2¾
Cochineal, Honduras,	1.45 a 1.50
Copperas	1 a 1½
Gum Myrrh, E. Indies,	9 a 11
do. copal washed	31 a 40
do. Arabic Turkey,	25 a 35
Madder, Dutch	8 a 12
Oil of Anis	1.40 a 1.45
castor, gall.	57½ a .60
Tartaric acid, lb.	30 a 31
Verdigris	17 a 22
Vitriol, blue	a 7½
DYEWOODS.	
Brazilletto, ton	18.00 a 25.00
Camwood	62.50 a 65.00
Fustic, Cuba	30.00 a 31.00
do. Tampico	22.00 a 23.00
Logwood, Cpy.	22.00 a 25.00
FEATHERS.	
Live, foreign lb.	12 a 25
do. American	28 a 32
FISH.	
Dry cod, cwt.	2.50 a 2.80
Dry scale	1.50 a 1.56¼
Pickled, bbl.	3.25 a 3.37½
do. salmon,	13.50 a 14.00
Smoked do. lb.	.9 a .10
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	9.75 a 10.00
do. No. 2	9.00 a 9.50
do. No. 3	4.87½ a 0.00
Shad, Ct. hf. bbl.	4.37½ a 4.50
Bucksp't. bbl.	. a .
Mass. do.	. a .
Herring, pickled	3.25 a 3.25
do. scale, per box,	25 a .30
do. No. 1	a .
do. No. 2	a .
FLAX.	
Russia, lb.	9 a 11
American	7 a 7½
FLOUR & MEAL.	
Genesee per bbl.	5.50 a 5.75
Troy	. a 5.62½
Michigan	5.56¼ a 5.62½
Ohio, round and flat	4.75 a 4.81¼
Pennsylvania	4.87½ a
Brandywine	5.75 a .
Georgetown	5.62½ a .
Baltimore c. mills	4.00 a 4.13¾
Richmond c. mills	5.75 a
do. country	5.50 a 5.62½
Alexandria	5.50 a 5.62½
Fredericksburg	4.00 a 4.
Petersburg	4.00 a 4.
Rye flour	4.00 a 4.25
Indian meal	4.00 a 4.25
do. per hhd.	17.00 a 18.00
GRAIN.	
Wheat, Western and N. York, per bushel,	.80 a .82
do. Southern new	1.00 a .
Rye northern	78 a .80
Corn north'n & Jersey	75 a .77
Southern (weight)	— a .—
Barley, Western,	a .
Oats, northern	38 a .39
do. southern	a .
do. New-Jersey	
Beans, tce.	6.12 a 7.62½
HEMP.	
Russia, clean, ton	205.00 a 210.00
outshot	.00 a .00
Manilla	138.00 a 142.00
American, dew rot	80.00 a 97.50
do. water rot	120.00 a 170.50
HIDES.	
B. A. & Rio Grande, lb.	11½ a 11¾
California	4 a 10
Orinoco	11 a 11½
Mexican	10½ a 10¾
S. American horse, piece	a
Calcutta, dry	65 a .75
HOPS.	
First sort 1844, lb.	12½ a 15½
HORNS.	
Ox, hundred	7.00 a 8.00
[illegible]	2.00 a 3 00

IRON.	
Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	35.00 a 37.50
do. American	32.50 a 35.00
Bar do. rolled	87.50 a 90.00
do. Russia P,S,I,	102.50 a 105.00
do. do. N. Sable	—.00 a —.50
do. Swedes	90.00 a 92.50
do. Eng. com.	77.50 a 80.00
do. do. refined	87.50 a 90.00
Sheet E. & Am. lb.	6 a 6½
Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.50 a 6.50
LEAD.	
Pig, 100 lbs.	3.56 a 3.75
Bar, lb.	4½ a 4¾
Sheet	4¾ a 5
LEATHER.	
Oak lb. (sole,)	18 a 20
Hemlock, light	12 a 13½
do. middle	12 a 13½
do. heavy	11½ a 12½
do. damaged	9½ a 11
LUMBER.	
Boards, N. R. M. ft.	30.00 a 35.00
do. east pine	11.00 a 13.00
do. Albany, piece	10 a .18
Plank Ga. pine, M. ft.	27.00 a 30.00
Scantling pine	14.00 a 15.00
do. oak	30.00 a 35.00
Timber oak, cu. ft.	.22 a .33
do. Ga. yel. pine	20 a .22
Shingles, cy. M.	11.00 a 13.00
Staves w. o. pipe M.	50.00 a 52.00
do. do. hhd.	40.00 a 42.00
do. do. bbl.	30.00 a 32.00
do. r. oak hhd.	28.00 a 30,00
Heading, w. o.	40.00 a 45.00
Hoops	25.00 a 30.00
MOLASSES.	
New-Orleans, gall.	30 a 31
Porto Rico	25 a 30
St. Croix	29 a 31
Trinidad, Cuba, Muscova	24 a 26
Martinique & Guadal.	— a
Havana & Matanzas	15 a 19
Neuvitas	27 a 29
NAILS.	
Cut, 4d a 40d per lb.	4 a 4½
(3d 1 cent and 2d 2 cents more.)	
Wrought, 6d a 20d	10 a 12½
Horseshoe, No. 7 a 9	18 a 20
NAVAL STORES.	
Tar, bbl.	1.62½ a 1.87½
Pitch	1.00 a 1.25
Rosin, N. C. & W.	50 a 60
Turp. Wil'ton soft	3.50 a 4.00
do. N. C. soft	2.50 a 3.00
Spirits turp'tine gal.	38 a
OILS.	
Olive, in casks, gall.	85 a 85
Linseed, American	— a 74
Whale refined	50 a 85
Sperm, crude	83 a 85
do. winter	95 a 96
Lard oil,	58 a 60
PROVISIONS.	
Beef mess bbl.	7.25 a 8.00
do. prime	6.50 a .00
Pork, mess new.	10.75 a .
do. prime old	9.50 a .
do. cargo	a
Hog's lard	6 a 7½
Butter, West dairy	12 a 14
do. Orange county	15 a 16
do. common	9 a 10
Cheese, Am. lb.	6 a 8
Hams smoked	5 a 8
RICE.	
Ordinary, 100 lbs.	3.25 a 3.37½
Good to prime,	3.50 a 4.00
SALT.	
Turks Island, bushel,	28 a 30
Bonaire	28 a 30
Curacoa	a
Ivica	
Cadiz	a
St. Kitts	a
Lisbon	a
Liverpool, gr'd, blk.	a
do. do. sack	1.05 a 0.07½
do. do. fine	1.45 a 1,50
SOAP.	
New-York, brown lb.	3½ a 5½
Castile	8½ a 8¾
STEEL.	
German lb.	10½ a 13
English, hoop L.	13 a 13½
Trieste, in boxe	6½ a 7
American	5 a
Spring	5¾ a 6
SUGARS.	
St. Croix, lb.	8 a 9½
New-Orleans	7½ a 8
Cuba, Muscovado	7½ a 7¾
Porto Rico	7¾ a 8¾
Havana, white	9 a 9½
do. brown	7 a 8¾
Cuba, white	8½ a 9
do. brown	7¼ a 8½
Brazil, white	9 a 10
Manilla, brown	6½ a 7
Loaf	11 a
Crushed	11 a
TALLOW.	
Foreign, lb.	
American	6½
TEAS.	
Imperial, lb.	45 a 90
Gunpowder	45 a .90
Hyson	40 a .88
Young Hyson	35 a .87
Hyson skin	22 a 55
Souchong, Powch'g, &c.	15 a 75
Bohea	a
TIN.	
Block, South Am. lb.	a
do. East India	15¾ a 16
In plates ¼ ⋈ box	9.00 a 9.25
WOOL.	
Am. Sax'y. fleece, lb.	32 a 34
do. merino	27 a 28
Pulled, superfine	25 a 26
No. 1	25 a 26
No. 2	20 a 22

NOTICE TO COLORED TRAVELLERS.

J. P. COBURN informs his friends and acquaintances that he can accommodate them with board and lodging on reasonable terms. His house is situated on the corner of

Southac & Butolph Streets, Boston,

and is one of the most commodious and pleasant situations in the west part of the city, and he will spare no pains to make their situation comfortable, as he has everything convenient for that purpose.

October 8, 1846.—3m

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

LINES

WRITTEN UPON THE LATE ELECTION IN PENNSYLVANIA.

All hail to Pennsylvania! upon her noble brow
The radiance of a better day is brightly shining now;
All conscious of her strength she stands, as from her shoulders fall
The heavy chains whose cruel weight proclaim the Southron's thrall.
For weary days and weary years, through sunshine and through storm,
To bear aloft a desperate cause she bent her giant form;
From love not fear, she stooped to shame, still honest at the core;—
But the tyrant smote her on the face—she woke to dream no more!

All hail to Pennsylvania! her sires were men of might,
The freest of the free, whose souls came forth from Europe's night.
Within the city of her pride that noble creed had birth,
Which yet shall every fetter break upon the bondaged earth;—
Freedom of body and of mind, freedom to work for hire,
Aye, freedom too, to bruise the heel would tread you in the mire,
Freedom to reap where you have sown, to enjoy your rightful part
Of what your forehead's sweat hath won, and the blood-drops of your heart.

All hail to Pennsylvania! right worthy of her sires,
She hath gathered as one man again around her ancient fires:
Her step is on her native plains, in her hand her olden sword,
Her battle cry goes up once more for Freedom and the Lord;
Once more she wheels with steady front into the Northern line,
"FREE LABOUR'S RIGHTS—NO MORE SLAVE STATES," her sign and countersign;
Deceived, betrayed, sold by her friends—no, not her friends, her foes—
Henceforth her path is straight and plain, and where it leads, she knows.

All hail to Pennsylvania! her sons are sons of toil.
With their own hands they wring their bread from out the stubborn soil—
It was a day of wind and rain, the elements were forth,
The children of, they joyed to see the triumph of the North;
The farmer left his grain unthreshed, the miner left his cave,
Though black with coal-dust and with sweat, he felt he was no slave;
The forgeman stayed his ponderous sledge, the artisan his hand,
To answer to the roll-call of Freedom's gathering band!

All hail to Pennsylvania! if she be slow to wrath,
It is a noble failing which the weak soul never hath;
But none the less her wakened ire, and not less they shall rue
Whom she hath once confided in, but proved no longer true;
As noble as her patience is, such is her vengeance, when
Those she hath loved and trusted, are revealed false-hearted men;
E'en then she gives not loose to threats, which are but idle breath,
But bides her time in peace—then speaks words which are life or death!

All hail to Pennsylvania! erect and firm she stands,
With those that make their living by the soiling of their hands;
She hurls the Southron's tauntings back, no longer will she kneel,
March at their bidding, pause with them, and at their pleasure wheel.
For God and Freedom now she stands, for those who till the soil,
Their claims against the claims of those who live by others' toil;
For fair, just wages, which they hate, because it shames their plan,
For honour, honesty, and truth, for Labour and for Man!

OCTOBER 27, 1846.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for October.

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.

BY E. B. BARRETT.

Love me, sweet, with all thou art,
Feeling, thinking, seeing—
Love me in the lightest part,
Love me in full being.

Love me with thine open youth
In its frank surrender;
With the vowing of thy mouth,
With its silence tender.

Love me with thine azure eyes,
Made for earnest granting;
Taking colour from the skies,
Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

Love me with their lids, that fall
Snow-like at first meeting!
Love me with thine heart, that all
The neighbours then see beating.

Love me with thine hand stretched out
Freely—open-minded!
Love me with thy loitering foot,—
Hearing one behind it.

Love me with thy voice, that turns
Sudden faint above me!
Love me with thy blush that burns
When I murmur, "*Love me!*"

Love me with thy sinking soul—
Break it to love-sighing;
Love me with thy thoughts that roll
On through living—dying.

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,
When the world has crowned thee!
Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,
With the angels round thee.

Love me pure, as musers do,
Up the woodlands shady!
Love me gaily, fast, and true,
As a winsome lady.

Through all hopes that keep us brave,
Further off or nigher,
Love me for the house and grave,—
And for something higher.

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, dear,
Woman's love no fable,
I will love *thee*—half-a-year—
As a man is able.

The goodness of the heart is shown in deeds
Of peacefulness and kindness. Hand and heart
Are one thing with the good, as thou shouldst be.
Do my words trouble thee? then treasure them:
Pain overgot gives peace, as death does Heaven:
All things that speak of Heaven speak of peace.
Peace hath more might than war! high brows are calm;
Great thoughts are still as stars; and truths, like suns,
Stir not, but many systems tend around them.—*Festus.*

Miscellany.

From the People's Journal.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

BY MARY HOWITT.

(*Continued.*)

When the hour of holding the meeting came, he walked to it, accompanied only by one firm-hearted, true friend, who vowed never to desert him, let the peril be what it might. A furious mob of several thousands surrounded the hall, eager to wreak their vengeance upon him. But he stood in a panoply stronger than steel. He returned uninjured. It was an eventful evening, however, never to be forgotten; one of those occurrences in a life which give a colouring and a force to its after career. Garrison was a firmer and a more determined man from that day; and what was better still, the public mind was irresistibly drawn to the subject, and many, who had hitherto been waverers, now came forward as avowed partisans of emancipation. That cause was worth examining for which good men were ready to die.

A spirit was aroused which the Slavery party had not anticipated, and a national convention of the friends of emancipation was called in Philadelphia. From every part of the free States, delegates assembled; and, amid peril and persecution, the present American Anti-Slavery Society was formed. Garrison drew up its Declaration of Sentiments, and this, like seeds of fire, produced wherever it went, and it went far and wide, the most unparalleled excitement.

If Garrison had sinned before, his sin was now tenfold. On all hands, the principles of thorough-going emancipation spread, and the cause soon after received a powerful ally in the person of George Thompson, who arrived in the autumn of 1834, resolved, like his friend, to use every power which God had given him, to bring into scorn and abhorrence the enormous guilt of Slavery. His accession to the Anti-Slavery cause made an era in its history, and in proportion as that cause spread, and assumed a more formidable aspect, all the more fierce and unsparing grew its adversaries. Like a fiery blast from the tropics was sent forth the curses of the slaveholding States. Emissaries, vowing eternal hatred and immitigable vengeance, were sent from the South to stop, by any means, this alarming growth of free principles, and, to a certain extent, these efforts were not without their effect. During this year, 1835, almost every Anti-Slavery assembly was broken up by mobocratic violence, and the whole land seemed given up to anarchy. Dispersed, but not disheartened, the friends of the slave and of humanity, took earnest counsel together, resolved to die rather than abandon a cause which they believed to be holy in the sight of heaven.

Thompson and Garrison were the especial objects of popular hatred, evidences of which, enough to appal the bravest heart that ever lived, were of daily occurrence. One morning in September, 1835, for instance, a gallows was found erected before Garrison's door, with two ropes suspended therefrom, and on the cross-bar this inscription—"Judge Lynch's Law." One of the ropes was intended for Thompson, the other for Garrison. Yet, through all this, these men were not daunted nor discouraged; their souls grew only the more earnest as danger and defiance thickened around them. Again we say—Thank God that spirits of this nature are found among men; they sanctify and ennoble humanity; and, were it not for such as these, we might despair of every good cause which has to be rescued from the hands of the wicked and the strong!

In the following month occurred that memorable mob outrage in Boston, which has left a stain on that otherwise noble and enlightened city. Some little detail of this we must be permitted to give, as it marks, in many ways, the characters of the two parties. There had existed, for some time, in Boston, a Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society, the members of which were of almost every variety of religious opinion, and amongst them some of the most intellectual, enlightened, and estimable women of the city. These women—exemplary mothers, wives, and daughters—had been among the most active co-operators in the Anti-Slavery movement. The times and the temper of the times were such, that none unprepared to maintain their principles at any cost of slander and abuse, nay, even of life itself, would have dared to join its ranks. These women were of that class; stedfast to what they believed their duty to God and humanity. The head of this little band, which has vindicated so nobly their right of meeting and free discussion, was Maria Weston Chapman, of whom Harriet Martineau says—"she is a woman of rare intellectual accomplishments, full of reading, and with strong and well-exercised powers of thought. She is beautiful as the day, tall in her person, and noble in her carriage, with a voice as sweet as a silver bell, and speech as clear and sparkling as a running brook." This noble creature, at the head of her band of glorious women, had announced a meeting of their own body, on a Wednesday afternoon. This announcement having been made from the pulpits of some of the Anti-Slavery preachers, various newspapers of the city took up the subject, and put forth violent articles for the purpose of inflaming the worst passions of the Slavery-loving portion of the community. The shop-keepers, also, in the immediate vicinity of the hall in which the meeting was to be held, petitioned the town authorities to prevent it, lest evil should happen to them and their wares. Placards were posted up, stating, that "that infamous scoundrel, Thompson, would hold forth that day, and that this was a good opportunity for the friends of the Union to snake him out, and that a purse of one hundred dollars should be the reward of him who would first drag him off to the tar-kettle." Such was the spirit of the day.

It was the general belief that the lives of the ladies would be in danger, and when they applied to the Mayor for protection at their lawful meeting, they were told that "they were troublesome." Troublesome, however, they were compelled to be, for their consciences obliged them to assert their liberty of meeting and free discussion. Mrs. Chapman, however, sent to every member a warning of the danger that awaited her, leaving it then to the discretion of all, whether they would attend or not.

A mob of many thousands, all in the garb of gentlemen, presented themselves before the hall, and even filled it before the time of meeting. "Five-and-twenty ladies," says Harriet Martineau, "reached the place of meeting, by presenting themselves three-quarters of an hour before the time fixed; five more struggled up the stairs, and a hundred were turned back by the mob," with the most ungentlemanly violence. Thirty women were in the hall, which, being engaged for a private meeting, was now filled with a frantic rabble. Spite of this, however, the business of the meeting began. Mrs. Chapman* read an appropriate portion of Scripture, and put up a fervent prayer to God for direction and succour, and for the forgiveness of enemies. The clear, calm tones of her voice were heard amid hisses, threats, and curses, and the rudest insults. In the midst of this the Mayor entered in the greatest agitation. He declared himself unable to disperse the mob, or in any way to obtain peace. He earnestly besought Mrs. Chapman to adjourn the meeting. The meeting, therefore, was adjourned, and the women, attended by the city authorities, left the hall, and passed through the mob, as best they might.

Garrison, who had come to this meeting merely to escort his young wife, but who had no intention of taking any part of its business, was seen by the mob, who, disappointed at not finding Thompson, at that moment the more immediate object of their vengeance, resolved now to seize upon him instead. He was hunted out of the hall; the cry, "Out with him! Lynch him!" was raised; the room in which he had taken refuge was violently broken into, and hundreds rushed upon him with a fury which seemed as it could only be appeased by blood. His non-resistant principles were now put to the test. One of his friends rushed forward armed in his defence. "My dear brother," said this good Christian hero, "you know not what spirit you are of. This is the trial of our faith. Shall we give blow for blow, and draw sword against sword? God forbid! If my life be taken, the cause of emancipation will not suffer. God reigns, and his omnipotence will at length be victorious!"

He at length fell into the hands of the mob; they hurried him to a window, with the intention of hurling him from it; but, at that very moment, one voice from amid the crowd, exclaimed—"Do not let us kill him outright!" so he was spared. A rope was then put round his body, that he might more easily be dragged along the street. A minute or two afterwards, his young wife, who knew him to be in the hands of the mob, looked out from a window, and saw him. "He was," says an eye-witness, "in the extremest danger. His hat was lost, his clothes were almost torn from his body; brickbats and stones were hurled at him, as they hustled him along towards the tar-kettle, which was preparing in a neighbouring street; not a voice, not a hand, was raised to save him. The only words which escaped from the white lips of his wife were—"I think my husband will not deny his principles; I am sure my husband will not deny his principles!"

*Mary S. Parker, who was President.—[ED. STANDARD

The infuriated crowd dragged him onward; they were like a pack of wolves around their prey. In the midst of their yells and cries, a strong, authoritative voice said—"He shall not be hurt! remember, he is an American!" These unlooked-for words excited some sympathy. "No, he shall not be hurt!" responded from one and another, and he was hurried on to the Mayor's office, where it was evidently their intention to deposit him. But this was not the will of the many, and again the most violent efforts were made to gain possession of his person, his clothes were now literally torn from him, and, as it seemed, nothing less than life would satisfy them. Those who witnessed this disgraceful scene, assert that nothing could exceed the divine calmness, and stedfast courage of this brave man. His countenance at the time was like that of an apostolic martyr; there was something awfully beautiful in its serenity. He himself declared that it seemed to him a blessed privilege to suffer thus in the cause of Christ. Death did not present a repulsive feature. The promises of God sustained his soul, so that it was not only devoid of fear, but ready to sing aloud for joy! That is the spirit of the true martyr.

He was at length deposited in the Mayor's office, whence, being reclothed by the kindness of various individuals who stripped themselves to cover him, he was conveyed to prison by order of the Mayor, who, reasoning like a poor-spirited man, thought that, by treating him as a malefactor, he should pacify the mob. The mob, however, was not so easily to be pacified; another and more furious attempt was made to drag him from the hands of the city police. Escape with life, seemed impossible. The crowd was perfectly rabid with rage and disappointment, and it was only by the mercy of Heaven that he was saved, and that the city of Boston was preserved from the eternal stain of his pure blood.

At length he was lodged in prison, where, with a good conscience and a cheerful mind, he sate down in peace. In the course of the evening, his friends came to sympathize and rejoice with him, through the grated windows of his prison. On the walls of his cell he inscribed, as usual, some memorable words, of which the following are a part—"William Lloyd Garrison was put into this cell on Wednesday afternoon, Oct. 21, 1835, to save him from the violence of a respectable and influential mob, who sought to destroy him for preaching the abominable and dangerous doctrine that all men are created equal, and that all oppression is odious in the sight of God."

The next day, after an examination for mere form's sake, he was released from prison, but, at the earnest entreaties of the city authorities, left Boston for a time.

From the People's Journal.

A TALE OF THE LAST MILITIA.

BY ARNHELDT WEAVER.

An old house amid old trees.

The tops of these trees have caught the first golden beams of the rising sun. A radiant gush of coruscating light has darted through their thickly interwoven branches. The lighter foliage blending with the deeper, and thus illumined, has a resplendent and most picturesque effect. The landscape, as beheld through an opening in the forest, is clothed in a beautiful garment of rose-tinted light. The breath of the morning air is very fragrant: it is laden with the aroma of herbs and flowers that has been exhaled during the night. Thousands of birds have commenced the day with songs of extravagant but delicious joy. Their voices blended together form at once a pleasing harmony, and a discord also pleasing.

The sea, which is near at hand, is distinctly visible, and is scarcely rippled by the breeze that creeps lazily over it. Presently the full glory of the sun is flooded directly upon its surface, and its waters glow like one vast diamond floor. A white speck in the distance denotes the presence of a fisherman's little bark; numerous atoms, white, dazzling, ever glancing to and fro, are sea-gulls rapidly fanning the air upon delighted wings.

The sun rises this morning, as upon all other mornings, upon a very different scene,—upon the houses and streets of crowded cities,—upon palaces and mansions,—upon noisome alleys, and ugly, miserable courts, into whose recesses the golden glory of his beams can scarcely penetrate, or struggles in by many a crooked, tortuous path. In such courts and dens—the lairs of wretched human beings, those who are first awake, rise gently, and unclose the windows, that the freshness of the morning may visit the flushed and heated brows of the sleepers. And those who have spent the night in cellars, and under archways, crawl forth and shrink upon their way.

Let us thank God for it! The sunlight streams also this morning through the grated windows of the prison and the mad-house, and enlivens the hospital ward, and the work-house dormitory.

There was early stirring among the inhabitants of the old house on the morning to which we have made reference. Invariably no slug-a-beds, they had risen on the present occasion earlier than usual: and when the sun got at the upper windows, he found them set wide open, and the sleeping chambers vacated. Quickly he took possession of each apartment, streaming joyfully in, and straightway there arose a buzz of delighted flies, and myriad motes came sailing through the air to court his notice. It was a rare old house—to delay for a moment, our introduction to the human beings within,—one of the old mansions that we sometimes drop unexpectedly upon in sequestered parts of the country,—pulses of the sixteenth century left beating in the enlarged frame of the nineteenth. Numerous were its gable ends; immense were its stacks of fantastically-formed chimneys. From the roof the ivy that had clambered up the walls depended in natural and graceful festoons. The trees by which it was surrounded were hundreds in number, and of all kinds known to the lovers of the forest, or readers of Evelyn's Sylva; oaks, some in their vigorous prime, others gnarled and doddered: tall, straight elms; fruitful beeches; stately, sombre firs; the different varieties of the ash; in short, the whole sylvan family. A glorious seclusion of nature's own contriving had that old house to rest in.

A white-headed old man sat in the breakfast-parlour, in an arm-chair, softly cushioned, holding a cup of tea in one hand, and an untasted portion of a roll in the other. A beautiful girl of seventeen standing behind the chair, bent over him, and her ringlets descending to his right shoulder, rested there.

"'Tis of no use, Meg, I can't take it; I won't try," said the old man, in a choking voice, while long restrained tears rolled down his cheeks.

Up sprang from a stool where she had been sitting, a seven-years-old girl, and while her elder sister relieved the grandfather of the cup and untasted roll, clambered upon his knee, and wound her arms endearingly round his neck.

"Oh, grandpapa," she cried, in sobbing accents, "please don't cry so,—see, there's mamma crying now, and Margaret and Mary are crying,—and I shall cry, and you know you can't bear to see little Edith cry."

The old man kissed the child,—affectionately kissed her.

"Though brother Fred *is* going ever so far away," continued the little girl, "won't he write us letters,—and come home again, and find us all here,—and me grown such a big girl?"

"Ah! that I shall," rejoined a youth of eighteen, who sat at the breakfast-table, devouring slices of cold roast-beef, with an appetite unimpaired by any participation in the general grief.

"Come, grandpapa," said a matronly woman, wiping tears from her cheeks, "you must see that it is not fit we should lament at Fred's departure. It is what we have long anticipated and hoped for; and though he is my own son, I am determined to be very brave, and not weep ever so little more on the day that we send him forth to carve his fortunes in the world."

It was even so. The youth was about to become a soldier,—a commissioned soldier, of course,—but of his own free will, and with the consent, and God-speed-ye, of his relations. We will say nothing of the false ideas of glory with which he was imbued,—how that he esteemed the trade of killing more honourable than the exercise of any peaceful profession. Let that pass. He was about to become a soldier; his long-cherished hopes were on the point of being realized. With a sword in his hand he would soon be at liberty to hew his way through ranks of his fellow-men. His friends' grief at his departure would soon be changed into joy for his success, pride in his advancement. His absence would deprive them of no comfort; no luxury.

Having finished his breakfast, he rose to take a farewell of the garden and the fine old trees. It was some pain for him to part with them, for they had been his friends from childhood, and he would let no one accompany him—he had so many adieus to take of familiar haunts—so many good-byes to whisper among the leaves—so many foolish things to do and say to inanimate objects. This love of nature argued a better destiny for him, if he had chosen to seize it, than a license to slaughter his fellow-creatures. But it was war-time; Napoleon and the allied armies were digging soldiers' graves all over Europe. The youth of England was fired with extravagance on the misunderstood subject of military glory.

Oh! how the birds sung that morning; pouring down from the branches of the ancient trees such a flood of melody! It came like rain upon the young soldier. Its burden was peace. Happiness and peace—good will and amity among all God's creatures.

He was employed in carving his initials upon a tree in a spot much frequented by his sisters, about half-a-mile from the house, when a twenty-years' old peasant came suddenly upon him—a fine stalwart fellow—the type of glowing health, with finely-shaped limbs, and a frank, honest, but for the time being, a sad countenance—if his heart was as noble as his physiognomy declared it to be, a true gentleman of God's own creating.

"Why, how now, Wilson, you look gloomy this morning. What is the matter?" said our youth, Fred Mourilyan, accosting him.

The young peasant did not reply for a minute or two, but remained with his eyes fixed upon a wild flower growing in the turf beside where he stood.

"You are going for a soldier, are you not?" he said presently.

"Yes, I am, Wilson; I leave to-day to join my regiment."

"Humph! and you are not sorry that you are going?"

"Sorry, my good fellow! On the contrary, I am delighted. But what ails you?"

"I've got enough to ail me. You are a soldier from choice—I must be one from necessity."

"*You*, from necessity! What do you mean?"

"I mean," answered the young peasant, bitterly, "that I am drawn for the militia."

"Whew! that's a bad job. But you're in no danger, and your duties will not be onerous; they will not be hard, I mean."

"It isn't the danger I think of. I'm no coward. None who know me can say that of me; but I've a bed-ridden mother and a young sister to support, and how will they get fed, I should like to know, when I am taken from my work to go a-soldiering? It's shameful to make a man be a soldier whether he will or not, and keep him from earning an honest penny for those who have nobody to depend on but him. If all poor men were like me they would n't stand it."

"Come, come, Wilson, 'tis the law of our country, and I won't hear you speak in that disrespectful manner of the law. We must honour and obey the King, you know, and all that are put in authority under him."

"What's the King to me?" cried Wilson, angrily. "What good does he do a poor fellow like me? Aye, just make him a poor man, and draw him for the militia, and see how he'd like it."

"Wilson, I take this as an insult. Go about your business."

The peasant looked at the young soldier, knitted his brows, and seemed about to utter a fierce reply. Some feeling came over him, however; perhaps a recollection of old times, when they were boys together, and he aided the young squire, as he was wont to call him, at his sports.

"I was going to ask you to assist me, but I would n't accept help from you now," he said, and turned proudly away.

Mourilyan was inclined to call him back; but he delayed to do so until the peasant was beyond hearing. He finished carving his initials, and returned homewards, a little desponding, for the hour of his departure was near. Perhaps his interview with young Wilson had some effect upon his spirits, for he foresaw how greatly the peasant's bed-ridden mother and little sister must suffer if he could no longer support them. But he was really angry with Wilson. His grandfather, a high-church Tory, of the old school, had taught him to reverence the King and the laws. In the old man's eye, neither the King nor his law-makers could do any harm, and the law that was the most stringent and galling was the best. "We must rule the people with a rod of iron," was his favourite aphorism. The youth had imbibed his grandsire's sentiments, and saw in every poor man a rebellious spirit that needed curb and fetter.

"I shall just have time to call at Wilson's cottage," said the youth, communing with himself. "He can escape serving by paying a fine of ten pounds, and I will give him the money." And he set his face towards the peasant's dwelling. But he had not got far upon the road when he was overtaken by a farmer who had seen him at a distance, and after a chase which had put him out of breath, now came up with him.

"What, Farmer Trundle, is that you?" said Mourilyan.

"Good morning, Mr. Mourilyan; good morning to ye; I hear you are going away to help lick the French; I'm glad o' it, mighty glad o' it, I am. I hope ye'll give the frog-eatin' varmin a right down good pepperin!"

"We'll do our best, Farmer Trundle."

"Well, what d'ye think now that I came blowin' along at this rate for? Just to ax ye to come over to the farm, and try my new mare Rasper's paces, afore ye go."

"If you won't detain me long, Farmer, I have no objection to turn back with you."

He *did* turn back. Unfortunately for himself; unfortunately for the peasant, Wilson. Arrived at the farm, the mare was produced, and the young soldier mounted her.

A superb creature, by Jove, Trundle. What's her price?"

"A hundred guineas; devil a penny less," answered the farmer.

"If I were going to stay in the country, I would buy her. I could wheedle my grandfather out of a hundred guineas for an animal like this mare."

"Put her upon her mettle, Mr. Mourilyan," cried Trundle. "You can keep your seat with the best of us. Make a dash at that fence. Whew-hip, she goes. Hoicks, tally-ho!"

She did go, without doubt. A shout of warning from the farmer, that was raised too late—a crash—and the young soldier lay stunned and bleeding on the other side of the fence.

Two months, and no sign of returning sense in all that period. Two long terrible months to the mother who watched by her son's bed—to the grey-headed old grandfather—to the youth's sisters—to the very domestics in the house—and to none more long and terrible than to Farmer Trundle. But one glorious morning in August, little Edith, who for a brief while had taken her mother's place in her brother's chamber, jumped from her chair, and descended the stairs, almost without feeling her feet, she flew down so rapidly.

"Mamma! grandpa! Fred's getting well! Fred knows me—Fred speaks again, without talking that rigmarole, as nurse calls it!" she shouted into the room where the members of the family were assembled. They found it as she said when they reached the youth's bedside. He knew them all, smiled upon them all, called them all by their names, and asked where he had been all that long time. His grandfather stood and wept, trembling with emotion. His mother threw herself upon her knees, and gave thanks to Heaven.

When his recovered reason strengthened, and he grew to recollect what had taken place, his first thoughts were of the peasant. He questioned his grandfather respecting him.

"Oh," replied the old man, "he came here to ask me to get him off from serving in the militia, said 't would ruin him if he had to serve, and went on against the King (God bless him!) and the laws. They don't make the laws strong enough, Fred. These rascals who dare to speak a word against the King (God bless him!) deserve to have their ears cropped in the pillory. That's how I would serve such firebrand fellows."

"And is he really serving?"

"That is, he and received a good flogging with the cat-o-nine-tails, for desertion. He refused to serve. And so, as he was regularly enrolled, they seized him, and tied him to the halberts, and there, I reckon, he had a good taste of what soldiers' flogging is."

"You don't mean to tell me, grandfather, that Wilson has been flogged?"

"I do. I wish I had been there to see it."

"And his mother—she was bed-ridden—what has become of her?"

"Gone into the work-house—best place for her. Oh, now I recollect—my memory isn't half what it was—she died from the jolting of the parish cart, in which they moved her. The girl is in the work-house, and has got a fever, they say."

The young soldier groaned.

"Grandfather," he said, "I begin to think what Wilson told me was true. It *is* unjust and oppressive to take poor men from their families, and force them to become soldiers. It is worse than Bonaparte's conscriptions."

"Unjust! oppressive! Why, how is the land to be defended, when our regular soldiers are drafted off to foreign parts to fight our battles?" cried the old man, amazed and angry.

"There are plenty who are ready to become soldiers if you pay them. Rich men do not serve in the militia; *they* find substitutes, or pay ten pounds, and so get clear off altogether. Why should the burden fall with the greatest severity on those least able to bear it? Surely that is unjust, grandfather; and depend upon it, the law has made in Wilson, and a thousand others, forcibly taken from their homes, so many enemies—so many dangerous and disaffected men. If we would have the poor live on good terms with us, let us take care that we never oppress them ourselves, or sanction oppression in others."

What answer the old man returned to this revolutionary speech, the present story-teller knoweth not.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

DRAMATIC STYLES.

The difference between the Grecian and Roman styles is very great. When you deal with a Greek subject, you must be very devout, and have unbounded reverence for Diana of the Ephesians; you must also believe in the second sight, and be as solemn, calm, and passionless, as the ghost of Hamlet's father. Never descend to the slightest familiarity, nor lay off the stilts for a moment; and far from calling a spade a spade, call it

> That sharp instrument
> With which the Theban husbandman lays bare
> The breast of our great mother.

The Roman on the other hand, may occasionally be jocular, but always warlike: one is like a miracle-play in church—the other a *tableau vivant* in a camp. If a Greek has occasion to ask his sweetheart "if her mother knows she's out," and "if she has sold her mangle yet," he says:

MENESTHEUS. Cleanthe!
CLEANTHE. My lord!
MEN.—Your mother—your kind, excellent mother—
She who hung o'er your couch in infancy,
And felt within her heart the joyous pride
Of having such a daughter—does she know,
Sweetest Cleanthe! that you've left the shade
Of the maternal walls?
CLEAN. She does, my lord.
MEN.—And—but I scarce can ask the question—when
I last beheld her, 'gainst the whitened wall
Stood a strong engine—flat, and broad, and heavy—
Its entrails stones—and moved on mighty rollers,
Rendering the crisped web as smooth and soft
As whitest snow. That engine, sweet Cleanthe!
Fit pedestal for household deity—
Lares and old Penates—has she it still?
Or for gold bribes has she disposed of it?
I fain would know—pray, tell me—is it sold?

The Roman goes quicker to work:

Tell me, my Tullia, does your mother know
You're out; and has she sold her mangle yet?

The Composite, or the Elizabethan, has a smack of both:

CONRADIN.—Ha! Celia, here! Come hither, pretty one.
Thou hast a mother, child?
CELIA. Most people have, Sir.
CON.—I' faith, thou 'rt sharp—thou hast a biting wit—
But does this mother—this epitome
Of what all other people are possessed of—
Knows she thou 'rt out, and gadding?
CELIA. No, not gadding:
Out, Sir—she knows I'm out.
CON. She had a mangle:
Faith 't was a huge machine; and smoothed the webs
Like snow—I've seen it oft—it was, indeed,
A right good mangle.
CELIA. Then thou 'rt not in thoughts
To buy it—else thou would'st not praise it so.
CON.—A parlous child!—keen as the cold North wind
Yet light as Zephyrus. No—no—not buy it:
But has she sold it, child?

From the British Quarterly Reiew.

WOLLASTON'S LABORATORY.

Plato is said to have written above the door of his study, "Let no one who is not a mathematician enter." Had Wollaston placed an inscription, or rather a proscription, above the door of his laboratory, it would have been still more brief and comprehensive "Let *no* one enter." It is related that a gentleman of his acquaintance, having been left by the servant to ramble from one room to another till he should be ready to see him, penetrated into the laboratory. The doctor, on coming in, discovered the intrusion; but not suffering himself to express all he felt on the occasion, took his friend by the arm, and having led him to the most sacred spot in the room, said, "Mr. P. do you see that furnace?" "I do." "Then make a profound bow to it, for as this is the first time, it will also be the last time of your seeing it." This hermetically sealed laboratory is known to have been of small dimensions. It did not require to be large, for Wollaston's researches were systematically prosecuted upon a scale of nearly microscopic minuteness. He was celebrated for the almost atomic quantities of matter on which he wrought to as much good purpose as other men on hundreds of grains. His demonstrations of the identity of columbium and tantalum was founded upon the examination of a very few grains of two rare minerals. His detection of titanium in the iron slags was effected on equally small quantities. Dr. Paris mentions in his life of Davy, that a foreign philosopher once called upon Dr. Wollaston with letters of introduction, and expressed an anxious desire to see his laboratory. "Certainly," he replied; and immediately produced a small tray, containing some glass tubes, a blow-pipe, two or three watch-glasses, a slip of platina, and a few test-tubes. It is added, by the same gentleman, that Wollaston appeared to take great delight in showing by what small means he could produce great results. Shortly after he had inspected the grand galvanic battery conducted by Mr. Children, and had witnessed some of those brilliant phenomena of combustion which its powers produced, he accidentally met a brother chemist in the street. Seizing his button (his constant habit when speaking of any subject of interest,) he led him into a secluded corner, when taking from his waistcoat pocket a tailor's thimble, which contained a galvanic arrangement, and pouring into it the contents of a small vial, he instantly heated a platina wire to a white heat.

From Jerrold's Newspaper.

MR. COBDEN'S EARLY LIFE.

The father of Richard Cobden was the son of a substantial yeoman, for many years the chief official of the borough of Midhurst, known as Maltster Cobden, and still remembered by the old people for the energy and integrity of his character, and the justice of his decision sin cases of arbitration, he being always referred to as a judge, whether in office or out of it, as headborough of the town. A lane leading out of Midhurst to where his malting work was, is still called Cobden's lane, though it has been widened into the Petersfield road, and though no member of the Cobden family now lives there. From what the present writer observed on a recent occasion, the inhabitants of Midhurst seem disposed to preserve this name, as well as some other memorials of the Cobden family, in honour of the eminent statesman born so near them. One day an elderly woman addressed the writer, and said she was informed that he knew Richard Cobden, of Manchester. He replied that he did. Upon which she said, "And so did I once; I put the first clothes on him he had in this world, God bless him!" While the family were still children, Mr. Cobden, the elder, left Dunford Farm, and took another, ten or twelve miles distant northward, in the parish of Lynchmere, under Sir Charles Taylor, who was at that time, as he is now, noted as a great breeder and vigilant preserver of game, and prosecutor of poachers. When they had been there but a short time, and had not been familiarized with the gamekeepers and the game, Richard, who in going to and coming from school had seen some pheasants in a field, resolved one day when alone to catch one. He has related the incident to this effect: that it was excessively cold, but that his boyish eagerness to obtain a beautiful bird, kept him all the afternoon shivering behind the hedge, until towards evening one of the pheasants was at last caught in his snare. He took it out, overjoyed with his prize, and hastening home with it met the head gamekeeper, to whom he showed it, crying, "Look what a beautiful bird it is: I have watched for it all the afternoon, and catched it at last!" The gamekeeper laid hold of him by the collar of his jacket, swore at him, dragged him along, and threatened him with all kinds of terrible consequences, and at last handed him over to his father, demanding that he should be punished. The father engaged that none of his family would again molest a pheasant, or other game; and thus the youthful Richard Cobden was taught to know what a sacred thing a rich man's wild bird is, even though feeding at his own father's expense. And the family soon learned how hopeless it was to struggle in the cultivation of a farm, literally eaten up, as that one was, by wild beasts kept for the landlord's sport. They were ultimately obliged to retire from it; but it is better for them now, that they did so, and from agriculture altogether. They are all in a condition of life far above anything they could possibly have attained to as tenant farmers.

From the London Topic.

THE PEERAGE—ASSUMED NAMES.

The Duke of Wellington is not a Wellesley; his real name is Colley. His grandfather, Richard Colley, assumed the name of Wesley (now modified into Wellesley), without having a particle of the blood of that family in him, but merely because he succeeded to the Wesley estates under the will of a distant relative. The Earl of Clarendon is not a Hyde: his only connexion with that noble family resides in the fact that his grandmother was the grand-daughter of Henry Hyde, last Earl of Clarendon of that line; paternally, the noble lord is Villiers. The Duke of Northumberland is not a Percy: his real name is Smithson, and his ancestor, paternally, was Sir Hugh Smithson, who took the name of Percy, and received the honours of that famous house, under a new creation, solely because his wife's grandmother was a Percy. The Marquis of Normandy exhibits a still wider excursion in search of a title, which seems ancient, but he is not really so. His lordship has not a particle of the Mulgrave or Normandy blood in him. His great grandmother, when she married Mr. William Phipps, was the widow of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who was also Marquis of Normanby and Baron Mulgrave; thus, Constantine Phipps, her son, contrived to get a re-creation of a title belonging to his mother's first husband, whom he had never seen, and whose descendant he was not. Lord Stafford is not a Wentworth. Lord Wilson is not an Egerton, although he has assumed that name. Lord de Tabley is not a Warren, which designation he now assumes; nor is he a Leicester, which name he bore a few years ago. He is, in truth, the descendant, paternally, of a certain Gregory Byrne, of the Queen's county, in Ireland, whose successors having married two or three Cheshire heiresses, seized upon the name of those ancient houses. The Duke of Marlborough is not a Churchill: his real name is Spencer; and he is only connected with the great military commander by the fact that his ancestor married the celebrated Duke's daughter. Earl Nelson is paternally a Bolton: his father was Thomas Bolton, and his grandmother was the immortal Nelson's sister. The Marquis of Anglesey is not a Paget: his father's name was Bayly. The surname now used by Earl De Grey is the same as his title: a few years ago he called himself Weddell; but his real name is Robinson.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

There is a "pleasant" story, "too good" *not* "to be true," that has been circulated very widely for some years. It is to this effect. In a certain town lived two men, the one a clergyman, the other a dissenting minister, both of whom happened to bear exactly the same name. This circumstance naturally occasioned inconveniences—letters and parcels being often delivered, and sometimes opened, wrong. Once upon a time an epistle, intended for the schismatic teacher, reached the regularly ordained priest, who, on discovering the mistake, forwarded it to its lawful proprietor with the wrathful message—"Sir, if you had not assumed a *title* (Reverend) to which you have no right, this mistake would not have occurred." Nothing more took place, we believe, on that occasion, but sometime after a parcel was delivered at the house of the Dissenter, which, on being opened, was found to contain *MS. sermons!* There was no room for doubt. They must of necessity be meant for *the other Mr.* ———, to whom accordingly they were despatched, with the laconic epistle—"Sir, if you had not assumed an *office* to which you are utterly incompetent, this mistake would not have occurred." The contrast thus pithily noted between official regularity and personal power is forced upon us every day in the year, and is naturally suggested by the example of those who, like Mrs. Fry, achieve the highest good of their fellow-creatures, in violation, not merely of ceremonial rules of right, but of conventional notions of social propriety.—*Nonconformist.*

THE FUTURE SIR ROBERT.—Sir Robert Peel will never head his old party; and without a head, or with their natural head made sour, sulky, and revengeful, by their idiotic treatment of him, they cannot stand before the public as rulers for a moment. We happen to know, from excellent authority, that the recent "scene" between Lord George Bentinck and Lord Lyndhurst, which disclosed so many evidences of a betrayal of the late Minister by his colleagues, has, with other circumstances, much estranged Sir Robert Peel from them. He never sees them, and seldom holds any but the most formal intercourse with them. He has become a thoroughly altered man, and stranger things have happened than it would be to see him a Radical Ministerr.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

A CENTRAL SUN.—Dr. Madler, the professor of astronomy at Dorpat, has published the results of the researches pursued by him uninterruptedly during the last sixty years, upon the movements of the so-called fixed stars. These more particularly relate to the star Alcyone, (discovered by him,) the brightest of the seven bright stars of the group of the Pleiades. This star he states to be the central sun of all the systems of stars known to us. He gives its distance from the boundaries of our system at thirty-four million times the distance of the sun from our earth—a distance which it takes 537 years for light to traverse. Our sun takes 182 000,000 years to accomplish its course round this central body, whose mass is one hundred and seventeen million times larger than the sun.

IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.—Hitherto heat unaided by affinity has been unequal to resolving water into its constituents; electricity has been the only single agent by which this could be accomplished. But we hear, and we have full faith in the report, that Mr. Grove has succeeded in decomposing water by heat alone; or, popularly to express it, he has boiled water into its elements, oxygen and hydrogen. This, then, is the second grand physical discovery in England this year, both of high scientific importance, and both adding to the fame of their respective authors, Faraday and Grove.—*Literary Gazette.*

STATUE OF O'CONNELL.—The colossal statue of O'Connell, by Hogan, the distinguished sculptor, has arrived in Dublin from Rome. The *Freeman's Journal* says of it that it "is a colossal figure of the Liberator, upwards of eight feet high, of the purest Carrara marble, robed like a Roman tribune, and in the position of haranguing an admiring multitude around him. The likeness is admirable, taken from life, and the work itself is altogether one of the finest and most interesting specimens of art ever introduced into this country. A subject worthy of the artist, and the artist of the subject." This statue, together with a bust of Lord Cloncurry, will immediately be placed in the Royal Exchange, Dublin, where are the statues of Grattan, Flood, Lucas, and others.

LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.—Professor Nichol, of Glasgow, in his new work on astronomy, calculates that Lord Rosse's great telescope must penetrate five hundred times farther into space than unassisted vision, and be able to descry an orb six thousand times more remote than an average star of the first magnitude, and the light emitted from which would probably take up *sixty thousand years* in travelling to our globe through the intervening distance!

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE STANDARD.

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AMARANCY PAINE, Providence, R I
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J. C. HATHAWAY, Farmington, Ontario co N Y
THOMAS McCLINTOCK, Waterloo, " "
SLOCUMB HOWLAND, Sherwood's Corners, Cayuga co N.
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